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"THE MARINER'S CHILDREN."—By Lawrence Duncan.—[See next Page.]

"THE MARINER'S CHILDREN."

The original picture from which our engraving on the preceding page is taken was lately displayed in the Dudley Gallery Water-Color Exhibition, London, and is by Lawrence Duncan, a son of the well-known English painter of that name. The merit of the picture is none the less because modest in kind. On the contrary, the examination which it deserves will reveal a genuine, unforced, unvulgar sympathy with its humble subject, accompanied by excellent drawing.

The subject itself requires no comment beyond our engraving. The reader may construct for himself the story of the lonely mariner away—far away on the treacherous sea, so calm, so beautiful, and bright; of the loving wife and mother, now busy, perhaps, in the neighboring cottage with preparations for that long-looked-for return; of the little son, the pride of the family, already giving indications of a bias toward his father's adventurous calling, and who, having constructed a toy sailing-boat—a miracle of skill—has brought his elder and younger sister down to the beach to witness his triumph in naval architecture, though won only on a little pool left by the ebbing tide.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, April 18, 1868.

THE CHIEF JUSTICE PRESIDING.

THE proceedings in the Senate sitting as a Court of Impeachment are of such a character as to inspire the greatest confidence in the final judgment. The opening speech for the Managers by General Butler was a very able presentation of the case, and his conduct as Manager has shown all the skill, fertility, and equipoise for which he has always been noted in the courts. It is observable that partisan action seems to be thus far confined to the Democratic Senators. They usually vote through thick and thin against any proposition which is favored by the Managers, and opposed by the President's counsel. The Republican Senators evidently regard reason and argument as well as party feeling. We have no doubt that the same disposition will continue to the end, and the result will be a universal conviction that the trial has been in every respect patient and fair.

The action of the Chief Justice raised a question which we think was wisely determined by the Senate. As President of the Court of Impeachment Judge Chase made a ruling which was questioned by Senator Drake, of Missouri, upon the ground that as President he had no right to decide any but ceremonial questions, and that every thing affecting the trial must be referred to the decision of the Senate. The Chief Justice was sustained, and when the question was again raised by Senator Sumner it was again settled in the same manner. The conclusion was that the Chief Justice may decide any preliminary point subject, of course, to revision by the Senate upon the appeal of any Senator.

The case against the position of the Chief Justice was stated very forcibly by Mr. Boutwell, of the Managers. He urged that the Constitution makes the Senate the sole Court of Impeachment, and that the Chief Justice, not being a Senator, could have no voice. If he could, he might by a casting-vote decide adversely to the judgment of the Senate by voting affirmatively upon a tie. The Constitution, in making him President of the Court, did not make him a member of it. Mr. Boutwell, with all the Senators who differed from the Chief Justice, was very careful to express his perfect confidence in that high officer. But he said that the Senate was now making precedents, and must regard every question with strict impersonality.

But the conclusive consideration seems to us to be, that in making the Chief Justice President of the Senate for a particular purpose, the Constitution did not mean that he should be a mere figure-head, but that, at least, he should have the ordinary powers of a presiding officer. It is not conceivable that the Constitution would bring one of the most dignified officers in the Government, the head of one of its three great departments, into the Senate of the United States upon so imposing and solemn an occasion as the impeachment, and possible removal, of the Executive head of the Government, as a mere cipher, a ceremony, a pageant. The Constitution, which makes the Senate the sole Court to try impeachment, also appoints the Chief Justice for that occasion its President—for that august occasion, as it were, an *ex-officio* member. His presence and participation secure the attendance of two of the departments of the Government at the trial of the third; and he alone is selected from the Bench, as its chief, as a matter of convenience, and in recognition of the manifest propriety that the Judiciary should be represented.

It is very desirable that this interpretation should now be settled, that there may be no doubt hereafter. Undoubtedly it is a debatable question. The Constitution does not expressly define the duties of the Chief Justice as President. The Senate should therefore give to the intention of the Constitution the most generous construction. Is it desirable for any reason whatever that the Chief Justice presiding should be merely a cipher? Is any peril reasonably to be feared from the vote of the Chief Justice of the United States upon such an occasion? and if so, does not that fact morally incapacitate him for the proper discharge of his customary duties? In the very case supposed by Mr. Boutwell of a tie upon a serious point, is it not more satisfactory that there should be a casting-vote intrusted to an officer who is beyond suspicion of fear or favor, as in the view of the Constitution the Chief Justice is? Moreover, if with the view of his position and of his relation to the Senate as a Court of Impeachment of the President, which any Chief Justice must be supposed to hold, he should decline to be a mere figure-head, his retirement dissolves the Court, and there is no remedy but his own impeachment. Yet is it desirable to impeach upon such grounds? Is it not wiser to allow that as the Constitution brings the Chief Justice into the Court as President, it brings him with the usual Presidential powers?

This was the opinion of the Senate, and the precedent established will probably remain. But, whether it does or not, we protest against a kind of hostility toward the Chief Justice which arises from the fact that his opinion upon this subject differs from that of some of the Senators. Mr. Chase has been a Senator and is now Chief Justice, and has studied the Constitution as diligently as any member of the Court of Impeachment. His opinion upon this point is *a priori* peculiarly valuable, because he is peculiarly interested in it, and has undoubtedly very thoroughly examined it. It may be supposed, also, that he has the advantage of the opinion of his brethren upon the Bench. But there is certainly no reason to suppose that he wishes for any unworthy purpose to perplex or prolong the proceedings; or that any view which he may hold of the political expediency of impeachment will more injuriously affect his conduct than it does that of any of the President's counsel. Indeed, we are very confident that the Chief Justice is not likely, by his part in this trial, to lose any of that high and honorable consideration which he now enjoys.

LEGISLATIVE CORRUPTION.

There is not a member of the Legislature of this State nor any other citizen who is not familiar with the charges of corruption that are incessantly brought against the Legislature. "A very able lobby agent," says a writer in the *North American Review* for October, 1866, "who has been in the business many years, has given us an inkling of the mode of procedure. 'When we get to Albany,' said he, 'we make out our lists, and, after studying them and comparing notes, we *classify* members, and make an estimate of what it is going to cost to get our bills through. We find out about how much each man expects, and who is running him. Then we arrange the thing in New York with certain people whose consent is necessary. The price of a vote ranges from fifty dollars to five hundred, unless it is that of the chairman of a committee. *He* wants more, because he has to appear on the record as originating the measure.'" The instance, which the writer mentions, of benevolent ladies who went to ask legislative aid, and who were met by a demand for five thousand dollars as a commission upon a grant of twenty thousand, is known to us also. Mr. Thurlow Weed says that "bribery and corruption prevail to an extent greater than existed in the worst days of the Parliament in England." There is not a man familiar with the Capitol, or even occasionally in the society of such persons, who does not know the most appalling facts. We once stood in the lobby of the Assembly, to look at the representatives of New York, and an agent who was "putting through" a certain project, pulled a handful of bank-bills from his pocket, and said, exultingly, "That is the logic for legislators!"

These things are notorious; but when they were suggested in the Constitutional Convention, Senator Folger indignantly denied the truth of all such assertions. It is no wonder that he spoke with warmth, for he is a most honored member of the Legislature, and sweeping charges against it seemed to touch his own honor. But every body who heard him listened with incredulity and amazement, for they knew the venality of some members as they knew the spotless integrity of Senator Folger. And who ought to be so anxious and eager as men like Mr. Folger that there shall be an investigation of these charges? If it be true that the stories are slanders, they can certainly be disproved to a committee of the Legislature itself, which may be supposed at least lenient to its own faults. And if it be urged that any such investigation, for the very reason that it is made by a committee of the accused body, must be frivolous and unsatisfactory, the reply is, that then the Legislature consents to be helplessly disgraced by an aspersion universally believed, and refuses even to attempt to show its innocence. If the Legislature distrusts a committee of its own members, let it call upon the authorities to prosecute any member against whom sufficient information may lie. But, in the name of decency and public honor, let it do any thing rather than resolve to do nothing, and to insist that its self-respect imposes contemptuous disregard of these reports. Personally members may treat every slander with scorn; but when there are sworn statements that vast sums of money have been spent directly to corrupt legislation, it is not a personal matter. It is a huge public scandal, and they injure the fair fame of the State, and degrade popular government itself when they stand upon a false dignity and sneer at investigation as an insult.

THE EVIDENCE AGAINST THE PRESIDENT.

The case of the Managers of the House against the President, as we have elsewhere stated, has been conducted with great skill. The chain of evidence is continuous; nor has it been broken, or in any degree weakened, by the onsets in cross-examination of the President's counsel. Those gentlemen, or most of them, are very eminent lawyers. The ability of Mr. Stanbery has been manifested to the country while he was Attorney-General. Judge Curtis is acknowledged to be one of the most accomplished jurists in the United States. Mr. Evarts is also a very distinguished lawyer—a man of remarkably clear, alert, and incisive mind. The other gentlemen of the President's counsel, Mr. Nelson and Mr. Groesbeck, have taken no part in the trial during the presentation of the case by the Managers.

There can be little question that upon all points susceptible of proof by evidence the Managers have justified their articles; and it was illustrative of the peculiar tact of General Butler that he reserved to the last one of his strongest points, and somewhat surprised and annoyed his antagonists when he produced it. This was the testimony of Mr. Creecy, Appointment-Clerk of the Treasury Department, and the autograph letter of the President to Secretary M'Culloch last August, notifying him that he had suspended Mr. Stanton in pursuance of the Tenure-of-Office Act, thereby shaming his own assertion that he had acted "under the Constitution," and without recognizing the law in question. Indeed, General Butler has unquestionably had the best of the week's work. Only one serious effort of his has been baffled by the President's counsel; and Mr. Evarts's occasional caustic manner has not in the least disturbed the vast imperturbability of the practical advocate.

The case for the Managers, notwithstanding the array of articles, was really very simple. The most of it is of course already familiar, for all the transactions have been public. That there is a Tenure-of-Office law prescribing the conditions under which certain officers, including the Secretary of War, are to be removed, is not denied. That Mr. Stanton was peremptorily removed by the President during the session of the Senate is in evidence. That General Thomas, having been previously reinstated by the President as Adjutant-General, was appointed by him Secretary of War *ad interim* is proved. That General Thomas signed himself as such, and attempted to exercise the duties of the office; that he declared his intention to obtain possession by force if resisted, and that he stated his failure to do so was in consequence of the legal action of Mr. Stanton, is also proved. It is established further that the President officially acknowledged the validity of the law by confessedly acting under its authority, while he declared that he did not recognize it as binding; that in September, after the suspension of Mr. Stanton last summer, the President called General Emory to the command of the Department of the District, and upon his arrival to assume command had a detailed conversation in regard to the available military force there; that upon the day of the attempted removal of Mr. Stanton the President sent for General Emory and asked him again about the troops and what changes had been made; that when the General proceeded to explain the movements of regiments the President said he referred to other changes made within a day or two, to which the General replied that he knew of none, and that as all orders must by law pass through the hands of General Grant, if any new ones had been issued, he should of course be aware of them; that the President seemed surprised, and when the General showed him the order directing all orders for the army to pass through General Grant, the President said it was in derogation of his constitutional rights as Commander-in-Chief, to which General Emory replied that the officers of the army were of opinion that it was their duty to obey the order, which was in obedience to the law of Congress. It is further proved that the expressions ascribed to the President in the speeches during his Western trip were actually used by him.

The attempt of the Managers to show, in further proof of conspiracy, by the testimony of Mr. Chandler, that Mr. Edmund Cooper, late Private Secretary of the President, was made by him Assistant Secretary of the Treasury in order that the money of the Government might be obtained by the President for his purposes, was overruled by the Senate; the ground of its action being understood to be that the evidence would open too wide and irrelevant a range of inquiry. This was the only apparently important point not made by the Managers, and this was not essential. They closed the case promptly at the end of the first week, and the Senate then adjourned until the following Thursday to give the President's counsel an opportunity to prepare themselves fully, with the understanding that they will not call a great many witnesses.

The case is thus brought to the exact point which we have before indicated as the one upon which the force of the President's counsel was most likely to be concentrated. Conceding the facts claimed and substantially proved, that the law was regularly enacted, and that it forbade the removal during the session of the Senate of certain officers appointed by the President without the approval of the Senate; conceding that Mr. Stanton was Secretary of War, and was removed by the President without the consent of the Senate—then the question arises, was Mr. Stanton appointed Secretary of War by President Johnson? If he were, the law has been violated. If he were not, the law does not touch the case. The position taken by the Managers is revealed by a little remark of Mr. Wilson when he offered the first evidence for the prosecution. After putting in the commission of Mr. Stanton, signed by President Lincoln, Mr. Wilson said that it was the only commission the Managers proposed to prove, and that commission, in the judgment of the Managers, made Mr. Stanton Secretary of War. The battle will be joined just at this point. We will not anticipate the arguments, but the rule of common-sense is plainly with the Managers. If a man holds an appointed office and the appointing power is changed, but the new power directs him to remain, it seems to be tolerably clear that he is reappointed. This is a subject, however, upon which there may be the utmost refinement of legal subtlety, of which we shall doubtless have a notable exhibition.

Should the appointment of Mr. Stanton as Secretary be maintained by the Managers, and he be judged to stand within the operation of the law, it is possible that the President's counsel may try to show that there was no improper intention in its violation by the President. We doubt if the utmost skill can do this, for it is impossible to destroy the evidence that he had already recognized its validity. And even could it be done—even were it conceded that he had always refused to acknowledge the constitutionality of the law, yet the violation by the Executive of a law regularly enacted and not declared invalid by any court, is the substitution of the President's will for the law of the land, and the intention must be inferred from the fact. The President is not charged with what is generally called a crime, but with a high misdemeanor in the discharge of political functions. Should he be removed, he will not subsequently be pursued with a criminal prosecution, as the Constitution authorizes when a crime otherwise punishable has been committed. Indeed the case is very simple, and addresses itself to the common-sense of the whole country. Mr. Seward had already asked the people of the United States whether they would have Mr. Johnson for king; and we presume that the Senate will answer in their name—"Decidedly not."

FELLOW-CITIZENS AT THE FRONT.

The Montgomery *Mail*, in alluding to a late article in the *Weekly* upon affairs in Alabama, describes us as basely slandering the South, and every week picturing horrible lies to inflame weak minds. It then demands whom we mean when we speak of our "faithful fellow-citizens in Alabama and elsewhere who are now 'at the front?'" It proceeds:

> "Are they the 78,000 registered Southern men, the 6000 Northern men who have come among us since the war, and the 16,000 negroes who stood by us at the late election, making in all 100,000 men, not including the 20,000 good men who were denied registration; or are his fellow-citizens none but the 69,000 deluded negroes who voted for the infamous Constitution and the 1000 white candidates for office?"

It is not a very difficult question to answer. The political battle which is now engaged in Alabama and elsewhere is to determine the policy of reconstruction. Upon one side, both here in New York and there in Alabama, are those who believe that, as there is no authority under the circumstances that can initiate civil government in Alabama but the United States, it is the duty of the United States to provide for its own security by not confiding the political power in the State entirely to those who say, with the Tuscaloosa *Monitor*, "We have no particular love of country now." Those who hold this view of reconstruction, whether white or black, we call our "faithful" fellow-citizens, because they are faithful to the principles of the Government and to common-sense, and because they have proved their fidelity during the war by resisting the rebellion. And when any of these citizens live in a State where their views or their color or their fidelity to the Union and National Government during the war make them peculiarly odious to a great multitude of their neighbors, so that they are incessantly denounced and injured in their business, and in danger of personal injury except

for the presence of United States soldiers, we call them our fellow-citizens at the front.

There are others who insist that the political power in Alabama and elsewhere shall be at once committed to those whose feelings are fairly expressed by the Tuscaloosa *Monitor*. It is a party which hates and ridicules the freedmen; a party of which the Southern leaders were the chief conspirators in the rebellion, and whose Northern leaders did what they could to perplex and defeat the efforts of the Government of the United States to save itself; a party whose adherents in Alabama and other Southern States fiercely pursue with ribaldry and hostility men who were known not to favor the rebellion during the war, and who approve the policy of the representatives of the people now that the war is ended; a party which in Alabama sneers bitterly at the idea of the equal rights of every citizen before the laws; and which, by every kind of insult to those whom it calls Yankees, fosters a malignant hatred of other parts of the country. It is a party which secretly honors WILKES BOOTH, and one of whose organs in Alabama as lately as the 25th of March frankly urges assassination. "The people about Hickman's," it says, "are beginning to see the importance of ridding the community of political skunks; and some of the young men were so well pleased with our account of the 'doings' of the 'Ku-Klux Klans' elsewhere, that they avowed their purpose to at once form themselves into a company of these hyperbolical ghosts. So, ere long, we expect to hear that the nigger-vicegerent STEPHENS and the cotton-thief DAVENPORT, besides many other notorious scalawags, are disposed of by lynch law in a manner agreeable to their crimes."

It may be very natural for baffled ruffians to print such stuff, but its effect upon ignorant and prejudiced minds is very calculable. And those who think and talk thus, wherever they live and of whatever color they may be, we do *not* call our faithful fellow-citizens. They are unfaithful to human-nature, to civilization, to the American principle, and to the hope of national pacification. We assure the Montgomery *Mail* that we have not the least hostility to any section of the country, nor to any class of the population. How the great question will be settled no man can say; but we can equally assure the *Mail* that the good sense of the American people will never abandon the colored population of the Southern States, in which they are probably two-fifths of the whole people, to those whose feeling toward them is expressed by such a paragraph as we have quoted and by the following. We do not say that all "Conservatives" would express themselves in so absurd and vulgar a manner, but the animus of this paragraph is the animus of the resolutions of every "Conservative" Convention yet held in the Southern States.

"A BURNING SHAME!

"It is a fact that the agent for Freedmen in this city—Mr. Blair—has received orders from Head-quarters to issue rations to all of those worthless negroes who were discharged from service by their employers on account of voting for the putrid Constitution. What better evidence of the utter corruptness of the miserable party now in power over the South could be adduced! In the history of demagogy nothing has ever transpired approximating in infamy this military order! The poor whites of the country are to be taxed—bled of all their little earnings—in order to fatten the vagabondish negroes, who have proved themselves to be their worst enemies, by avowing that they are in favor of measures conflicting with every interest of the white men! Think of this, white men, and abandon at once the foul scheme set on foot by raw Yankees, Southern deserters, and stinking niggers! 'Touch not, taste not, handle not!'"

CONNECTICUT.

THE Democrats have secured a Governor for a year in Connecticut, and the Republicans a United States Senator for six years. It is not a result by which any true Republican will be very much grieved; and the gain of a Senator shows that the great mass of the citizens outside the great centres of the more ignorant part of the population are still as true as they ever were to the sound principles of the Government.

The city of New Haven is the chief mill at which immigrants are made voters in Connecticut, as the city of New York is in this State; and as the city of New York is the seat of the Democratic majority here, so New Haven gives the majority for Mr. ENGLISH in Connecticut. The result, which is called a great Democratic victory, is thus explained. The verdict of the intelligent voters in the State is recorded in the election of a Legislature that will send a stanch and true friend of national restoration upon the grounds of justice and equal rights.

Senator DIXON, who was one of the promoters of the Philadelphia Convention, who early joined the fortunes of President JOHNSON, and has since zealously co-operated with the Democrats in the endeavor to commit the Southern States to the political control of the late rebels, will now be forbidden by Connecticut to serve her any longer. No one has the least right to question the sincerity of his political action; but the end of his public career shows how utterly he has misrepresented the intelligent opinion of his State.

We had hoped that all our candidates would be elected. But the result is any thing but disheartening, and now November the same conviction which has now secured a Senator will unquestionably give the State to a President of the same principles.

NATIONALISM.

DR. FRANCIS LIEBER, one of our profoundest students of political philosophy and history, makes the following concise and admirable statement of the political development of the present epoch, of which our own recent circumstances and our immediate situation are a striking illustration. Dr. LIEBER calls it "a fragment," but it is really a summary:

"As the City-State was the normal type of free communities in antiquity, and as the Feudal System was one of the normal types of government in the middle ages, so is the National Polity the normal type of our own epoch; not indeed Centralism.

"Large nations have been formed out of the fragmentary peoples on the continent of Europe, England alone dating the blessing of a national polity over a thousand years back; others are in the act of forming; others, already existing, are carrying out more distinctly or establishing more firmly the national elements of their politics. For this reason, and because the existence of many nations deeply influences our civilization, the present period will be called the National Period. It began plainly when so many other great things began—in the middle of the 15th century, but the process of Nationalization concerning the languages and the literature of the different countries commenced at an earlier time.

"The three main characteristics of the political development which mark the modern epoch, are:

"The National Polity;

"The general endeavor to define more clearly, and to extend more widely, Human Rights and Civil Liberty;

"And the decree which has gone forth that many Leading Nations shall flourish at one and the same time, plainly distinguished from one another, yet striving together, with one Public Opinion, under the protection of one Law of Nations and in the bonds of one common moving Civilization.

"The Universal Monarchy, whether purely political or coupled with the papacy; a single Leading Nation; Confederacies of petty sovereigns; a civilization confined to one spot, or one portion of the globe—all these are obselete, insufficient for the demands of advanced civilization; and attempts at their renewal are ruinous.

"In ancient times one people always swayed and led. Hence the simplicity of chronologic tables presenting the events of that time; and all ancient States were short-lived. Once declining they never recovered. Their course was that of the projectile, ascending—a maximum—a precipitate descent, and no more rising. Modern nations are long-lived, and possess recuperative energy, wholly unknown to antiquity. They could neither be the one, nor possess the other without national existence and comprehensive polities, and without the Law of Nations, as we know it now, which is the manly idea of Self-Government applied to a number of independent nations in close relation with one another.

"The civilized nations have come to form a community under the restraint and protection of the Law of Nations which rules *vigore divino*—they draw the chariot of civilization abreast as the ancient steeds drew the car of victory."

STATE AID TO PRIVATE INTERESTS.

IN the late Constitutional Convention of this State the Finance Committee reported a prohibition of all grants of money or credit to any individual, corporation, or association, except for educational and charitable purposes. The proposition led to a very long and lively debate, which was renewed at every opportunity, and it was finally modified to the form in which it now stands in the proposed Constitution. "The credit of the State shall not be given or loaned to or in aid of any individual, corporation, or association." This, of course, allows the continuance of the system of whose operation the Legislature has lately offered an illustration. The Assembly, by a vote of 74 to 35, has given some $800,000 "to provide for the completion," "to facilitate the construction," and "to aid in the construction" of four railroads.

The general argument of the friends of this system of State aid is, that it develops the unsettled and remoter parts of the State, opens areas of industry for the advantage of the State, and increases the value of the taxable property of the State. In short, they insist that it is money loaned by the State for its own benefit. In the Convention the friends of this policy also warmly declared that the adverse arguments were precisely those that were urged against the project of the Erie Canal; and had they prevailed then how lamentable it would have been for the State! Moreover it was unfair, they insisted, for those whose neighborhoods had enjoyed all the benefits of the generous policy now to depress with their visionary theories those parts of the State which had had no such advantage.

On the other hand, it was contended that the State ought not to build railroads; that it was not a capitalist nor a speculator, but had certain very precisely defined functions limited to securing justice among the citizens and equal freedom of individual action. It was further urged that even if it should be granted that the State might use its money for any such improvement it should only be upon condition that it actually controlled the enterprise; but in the cases contemplated it is money of the State given to individuals—in other words, money taken from all for the benefit of the few. Besides this, the great general principle was invoked, that if an enterprise of the kind be really profitable it will be undertaken by private persons, but if not profitable private persons have no right to entangle the State in losses.

The general argument of the opponents of State aid is undoubtedly correct, but for various reasons it failed finally to determine the action of the Convention. There are many other considerations also which have great weight. The system inevitably leads to what is called log-rolling, or you-tickle-me-and-I'll-tickle-you legislation. If Tom will vote for Ned's railroad grant, Ned will vote for Tom's. This is a peril indeed to which all legislation is exposed, but it is peculiarly threatening when the immense interests of corporations are involved. So with bribery. Railroad companies can afford to pay enormous sums of money to achieve such objects, and they are reported sometimes as actually paying them! Indeed the intrigues to secure grants of money from the State for any private purpose whatever are the chief sources of legislative corruption. A shrewd Republican member, according to the Albany *Evening Journal*, who has watched the proceedings of the present Assembly with its Democratic majority, which came in with such lofty protestations of retrenchment and reform, declared that for a reasonable compensation he would agree to get through an appropriation of two hundred and fifty thousand dollars to aid the farmers of the State in raising high-tailed Shanghai roosters! We are sorry that the Convention did not reach a different conclusion. There are cases, indeed, in which the operation of a stringent rule is very hard, but if there must be a rule expressed, as in a written Constitution, it should be founded upon experience and reason, both of which point to a prohibition.

It is not surprising that the refusal of the Convention to hold a close hand upon the State treasury should have emboldened the Legislature, even at this time when the most rigid economy is essential, to be generous with the public money. Indeed it is as easy to be lavish of other people's money as it is to be resigned to their misfortunes. So evidently thinks the Governor, who has vetoed the grant of $250,000 to the Whitehall and Plattsburgh Road.

A WORD TO THE "OBFUSCATED."

THERE has been a great deal said of a phrase of Mr. THADDEUS STEVENS's to the effect that Congress was acting "outside of the Constitution." Senator DIXON in his speech defending the Johnsonian policy, which he seems to consider constitutional notwithstanding its Presidential dictation of the conditions of voting in States, quotes the letter in which the expression first occurs. Mr. STEVENS, who, although he has few followers in many of his opinions, is always fully able to explain them beyond misunderstanding, lately stated in the House what he meant by the words which have become so noted. In speaking of the admission of West Virginia he said:

"I voted for the admission of that State. But I was not going to make either a fool or a knave of myself, and to say that I voted for it under the Constitution, or that I did not know what I was voting for. I held then as I hold now, that having conquered that territory from another power, a power recognized as an independent belligerent by all the sovereign nations of the earth, by ourselves as well as others, we had a right to treat it as such, and to take it in or keep it out as we pleased. I said then that the Constitution had nothing to do with it; but I would inform my learned friends from the bushes [laughter] that while I speak of being outside of the Constitution, I do not mean that the Constitution does not recognize the law of nations. It does recognize the law of nations, and the law of nations recognizes the right of the conquering power to do with conquered territory just as it pleases. trust I shall hear nothing more after this explanation from my most obfuscated friends who have often seemed so ignorant of what I meant or of what they were talking about. [Laughter.]"

GENERAL GRANT AND CALUMNY.

THE preference of the New York *Tribune* for Chief Justice CHASE as a Presidential candidate has been more than once warmly declared by that journal. But we protest against its late assault upon General GRANT, who is also very likely to be proposed as a candidate. Possibly it was not intended as an assault, but whatever the intention, it was the gravest aspersion of the General, an insult to the Senate, and could have no other than a most damaging influence upon the *Tribune's* own party.

The President of the United States is impeached, and the Senate, with the utmost dignity is sitting as the court to judge him, when the *Tribune*, in a double-leaded paragraph at the head of its columns, prints these extraordinary words:

"We have assurances from Washington that General GRANT finds it not inconsistent with his duty as a soldier to announce it as his opinion that the only hope for the peace of the country is the success of the pending Impeachment trial. He feels that national security demands the removal of the President. If the trial should fail, the people can only expect more assumptions of power, and a more determined resistance to law. When the General of our Armies entertains this conviction there is no room for doubt as to the duty of the Senate. The loyal nation demands the President's removal."

That is to say, the *Tribune* thinks it to be the duty of the Senate to do what the General of the army thinks ought to be done, and represents the General as formally and publicly announcing his opinion in order that the Senate may govern itself accordingly!

Nothing could show more clearly the ineradicable hold which General GRANT has upon the respect and perfect confidence of his countrymen than the fact that every man instinctively knew that he had authorized no such statement; and that while he has an equal right to his opinions with every other citizen, and may very probably have said what the best men in the country think, yet that it was under the sacred safeguard of private conversation, and could have been publicly reported to influence Senatorial action only by stupidity or malice.

WHICH IS WHICH?

A SERIOUS friend insists that the celebrated difference between tweedle-dum and tweedle-dee was never more significantly illustrated than at a late feast of the Americus Club in honor of the birthday of Mr. WILLIAM M. TWEED, when, according to the report, "The Club then sat down to supper, the Vice-President taking the head of the table, with Mr. TWEED on the right, and Mr. T. WEED on the left."

MARSHALL'S GRANT.

MR. WILLIAM E. MARSHALL, whose portrait of LINCOLN was so faithful and remarkable, and whose engraving of STUART'S WASHINGTON is so masterly, has just finished a portrait of General GRANT, which he has also engraved. The fine character of the head, and the expression of the face, in which a predominant truthfulness is so marked and winning, are reproduced with a force and fidelity that will necessarily make it the standard portrait of the General. It is a very satisfactory head, and will take its place in the gallery of portraits of eminent Americans as among the most characteristic for that sagacity, intelligence, tenacity, modesty, and moderation which are the best qualities of our best men.

LITERARY.

"The Public Ledger Building" is the title of a unique and handsome little volume containing a full and graphic account, with illustrations, of the great building lately erected in Philadelphia by Mr. GEORGE W. CHILDS, the proprietor of the journal so called. It also contains accurate reports of the pleasant speeches delivered at the opening, and a history of the famous banquet that followed at the Continental Hotel, to which many of the most conspicuous persons, especially of the guild of letters, in the country were invited. The responses of those who could not attend make a very interesting part of the volume. The festival was a worthy commemoration of the skill, enterprise, industry, and consequent success of the eminent publisher.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

NEWS ITEMS.

THE election in Rhode Island on April 1 resulted in favor of General Burnside and the rest of the Republican ticket by an increased majority of about 4500.

The election in Connecticut, on April 6, resulted in the choice of Mr. English, the Democratic candidate, for Governor. The Legislature is Republican.

The defeat of the Michigan Constitution, in which negro suffrage is embodied, is probable though not positive.

The Democrats carried the cities of Columbus and Cincinnati, Ohio; Keokuk, Iowa, and Atchison, Kansas, in the municipal elections of April 6. The Republicans carried Toledo and Dayton, Ohio; Indianapolis, Indiana, and Lawrence, Kansas, on the same day.

General Meade has issued orders for the suppression of the Ku-Klux Klan and other incendiary organizations in his military district. Newspaper publishers who print the mystic warnings of the Klan are to be tried by military commissions.

The April statement of the national debt shows a decrease, since March 1, of $619,935, and since April 1, 1867, of $4,218,383.

A terrible accident occurred in the Diamond coal works at Scranton, Pennsylvania, on March 31. By the breaking of a portion of the hoisting machinery seventeen men were precipitated down a shaft one hundred and eighty-five feet, eleven of them being instantly killed. Another one subsequently died, and two more were fatally injured.

General Schofield has appointed Henry H. Wells, of Alexandria, late a General in the Federal army, to be Governor of Virginia, in place of Pierpoint, whose term expired in January last, and who has held over until this time for want of a successor.

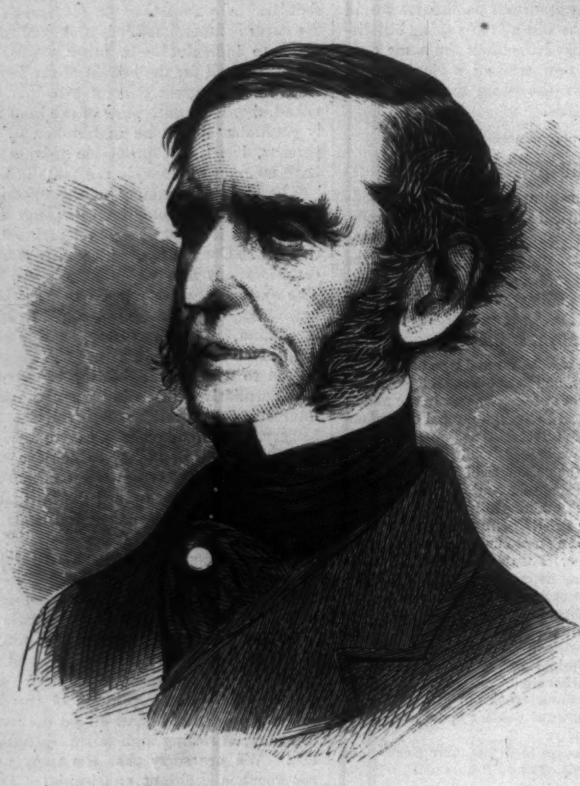
FOREIGN NEWS.

THE new naturalization treaty with Germany, which recognizes the American citizenship of all German emigrants, was ratified by the North German Parliament on April 2.

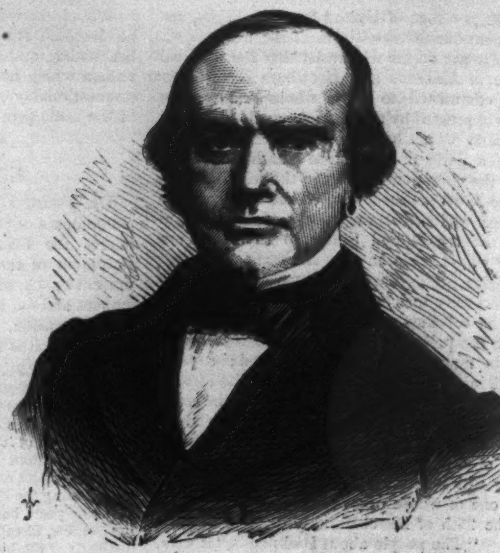
General Flores, President of Uruguay, was murdered at Montevideo on February 8 by some member of a riotous battalion of troops commanded by the President's son. General Lorenzo Battle, Minister of War, was elected to succeed General Flores.

A division in the English House of Commons on the Irish Church question was had at three o'clock A.M. on April 4, and resulted in the disastrous defeat of Disraeli. No more excited scene has been witnessed for years in the English Parliament. The vote was on the resolutions of Mr. Gladstone for the disendowment of the branch of the State Church of England in Ireland, and was carried by an overwhelming majority. The resolutions have in view an appeal to Her Majesty to put an end to the Church of England organization in Ireland, and its adoption at once forces Mr. Disraeli to resign or dissolve Parliament, and appeal to the people.

WILLIAM M. EVARTS, OF N. Y.—[PHOT. BY ROOKWOOD.]



HENRY STANBERY, OF OHIO.—[PHOT. BY BRADY & CO., WASHINGTON.]



BENJAMIN R. CURTIS, OF MASS.—[PHOT. BY WHIPPLE.]

THE IMPEACHMENT TRIAL.

OUR engravings, illustrative of the great trial now going on at Washington, embrace portraits of three of the President's counsel; the Senate in Consultation in the Ladies' Parlor, adjoining the Senate Chamber; and a View of the Ladies' Gallery.

The counsel of the President consist of Messrs. HENRY STANBERY, BENJAMIN R. CURTIS, WILLIAM M. EVARTS, T. A. R. NELSON, and Mr. GROESBECK, the latter of whom has been added since the commencement of the trial, in place of Judge BLACK, who declined to serve. Mr. STANBERY'S early career was confined to Ohio, and little was known of him until his appointment as Attorney-General by President JOHNSON. His success in that position was not great, and it was generally conceded that his opinions were marked more by partisan feeling than legal ability. He resigned his position as Attorney-General to defend the President.

Mr. CURTIS is a native and resident of Massachusetts, where he has filled several legal positions; and he has much local reputation as a lawyer.

Mr. EVARTS, who is doubtless the ablest lawyer retained on the President's side, has never held political office, but has devoted himself entirely to the practice of his profession, and is at the present time at the head of the bar of New York. At the same time he was not without political aspirations; and, as an orator, scholar, and public character generally, has been in a quiet way an influential and powerful member of the Republican party, though not a popular one with the masses. He was at one time an aspirant for the United States Senatorship from New York. He was also an aspirant and a formidable rival of Mr. Secretary CHASE for the Chief Justiceship of the United States. So that, although he is neither an ex-judge, nor even an "honorable," he attracts deserved attention from his generally high position and his especial eminence as a great criminal lawyer. In person he is thin, wiry, and cadaverous. He has a clear, sharp, ringing voice, though it is not powerful or musical. His action is sparing but effective. In making his points he is lucid, precise, and cogent, seldom rhetorical or ornamental. He has an easy, colloquial way; he is never in haste, and never hesitates. He is an excellent extempore speaker, a sound commercial lawyer, and an advocate of great genius and resource.

During the progress of the trial the galleries of the Senate have presented a more brilliant appearance than has been known for many years. The most lovely as well as the most distinguished ladies of Washington have been in daily attendance, and the gallery devoted to them has presented the appearance of our sketch.

The opening speech on the part of the Managers was made by General B. F. BUTLER on October 30. He very learnedly discussed the right of the Senate as at present constituted to try the impeachment; the right of Senator WADE to participate; and quoted largely from the precedents. On the same day documentary evidence was introduced intended to answer any plea that Mr. JOHNSON is not President, but Vice-President, and therefore not liable to trial by the Senate as organized, and that Mr. STANTON was not appointed Secretary of War for the existing term. The first of these documents was the certified oath of office taken by Mr. JOHNSON to "faithfully execute the office of President of the United States." Subsequently witnesses were examined to prove that the President had signed commissions altered from the old printed form in order that they might conform to the Tenure-of-Office Bill, thereby recognizing its validity. It was also shown by several witnesses that General THOMAS, after being refused possession of the War Office, announced his intention to take possession by force. A large number of witnesses, principally reporters, were examined, to prove the accuracy of the reports of the speeches of the President, made in 1866. It was shown that one of these, which was most abusive of Congress, was corrected before going to the printers by the President's private secretary. The President in his answer to the charges says that he suspended Mr. STANTON indefinitely as authorized by the Constitution, and not in compliance with any requirements of the Tenure-of-Office Bill, thereby recognizing its validity. In refutation of this the Managers introduced a letter from the President notifying Secretary M'CULLOCH of the suspension of Mr. STANTON in compliance with the requirements of this very Act.

THE IMPEACHMENT TRIAL—THE SENATE IN CONSULTATION IN THE LADIES' PARLOR.—[SKETCHED BY THEODORE R. DAVIS.]

[Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1867, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.]

THE MOONSTONE.

By WILKIE COLLINS.

Author of "The Woman in White," "No Name," etc.

Printed from the Author's Manuscript.

RICHLY ILLUSTRATED.

CHAPTER III.

Consideration for poor Lady Verinder forbade me even to hint that I had guessed the melancholy truth before she opened her lips. I waited her pleasure in silence; and, having privately arranged to say a few sustaining words at the first convenient opportunity, felt prepared for any duty that could claim me, no matter how painful it might be.

"I have been seriously ill, Drusilla, for some time past," my aunt began. "And strange to say, without knowing it myself."

I thought of the thousands on thousands of perishing human creatures who were all at that moment spiritually ill, without knowing it themselves. And I greatly feared that my poor aunt might be one of the number. "Yes, dear," I said, sadly. "Yes."

"I brought Rachel to London, as you know, for medical advice," she went on. "I thought it right to consult two doctors."

Two doctors! And, oh me (in Rachel's state), not one clergyman! "Yes, dear?" I said once more. "Yes?"

"One of the two medical men," proceeded my aunt, "was a stranger to me. The other had been an old friend of my husband's, and had always felt a sincere interest in me for my husband's sake. After prescribing for Rachel, he said he wished to speak to me privately in another room. I expected, of course, to receive some special directions for the management of my daughter's health. To my surprise, he took me gravely by the hand, and said, 'I have been looking at you, Lady Verinder, with a professional as well as a personal interest. You are, I am afraid, far more urgently in need of medical advice than your daughter.' He put some questions to me which I was at first inclined to treat lightly enough, until I observed that my answers distressed him. It ended in his making an appointment to come and see me, accompanied by a medical friend, on the next day, at an hour when Rachel would not be at home. The result of that visit—most kindly and gently conveyed to me—satisfied both the physicians that there had been precious time lost which could never be regained, and that my case had now passed beyond the reach of their art. For more than two years I have been suffering under an insidious form of heart disease, which, without any symptoms to alarm me, has, by little and little, fatally broken me down. I may live for some months, or I may die before another day has passed over my head—the doctors can not, and dare not, speak more positively than this. It would be vain to say, my dear, that I have not had some miserable moments since my real situation has been made known to me. But I am more resigned than I was, and I am doing my best to set my worldly affairs in order. My one great anxiety is that Rachel should be kept in ignorance of the truth. If she knew it, she would at once attribute my broken health to anxiety about the Diamond, and would reproach herself bitterly, poor child, for what is in no sense her fault. Both the doctors agree that the mischief began two, if not three years since. I am sure you will keep my secret, Drusilla—for I am sure I see sincere sorrow and sympathy for me in your face."

Sorrow and sympathy! Oh, what Pagan emotions to expect from a Christian Englishwoman anchored firmly on her faith!

Little did my poor aunt imagine what a gush of devout thankfulness thrilled through me as she approached the close of her melancholy story. Here was a career of usefulness opened before me! Here was a beloved relative and perishing fellow-creature, on the eve of the great change, utterly unprepared; and led, providentially led, to reveal her situation to Me! How can I describe the joy with which I now remembered that the precious clerical friends on whom I could rely were to be counted, not by ones or twos, but by tens and twenties! I took my aunt in my arms—my overflowing tenderness was not to be satisfied *now* with any thing less than an embrace. "Oh!" I said to her, fervently, "the indescribable interest with which you inspire me! Oh! the good I mean to do you, dear, before we part!" After another word or two of earnest prefatory warning, I gave her her choice of three precious friends, all plying the work of mercy from morning to night in her own neighborhood; all equally inexhaustible in exhortation; all affectionately ready to exercise their gifts at a word from *me*. Alas! the result was far from encouraging. Poor Lady Verinder looked puzzled and frightened, and met every thing I could say to her with the purely worldly objection that she was not strong enough to face strangers. I yielded—for the moment only, of course. My large experience (as Reader and Visitor, under not less, first and last, than fourteen beloved clerical friends) informed me that this was another case for preparation by books. I possessed a little library of works, all suitable to the present emergency, all calculated to arouse, convince, prepare, enlighten, and fortify my aunt. "You will read, dear, won't you?" I said, in my most winning way. "You will read, if I bring you my own precious books? Turned down at all the right places, aunt. And marked in pencil where you are to stop and ask yourself, 'Does this apply to me?'" Even that simple appeal—so absolutely heathenizing is the influence of the world—appeared to startle my aunt. She said, "I will do what I can, Drusilla, to please you," with a look of surprise, which was at once instructive and terrible to see. Not a moment was to be lost. The clock on the mantle-piece informed me that I had just time to hurry home, to provide myself with a first series of selected readings (say a dozen only), and to return in time to meet the lawyer, and witness Lady Verinder's Will. Promising faithfully to be back by five o'clock, I left the house on my errand of mercy.

When no interests but my own are involved, I am humbly content to get from place to place by the omnibus. Permit me to give an idea of my devotion to my aunt's interests by recording that, on this occasion, I committed the prodigality of taking a cab.

I drove home, selected and marked my first series of readings, and drove back to Montagu Square with a dozen works in a carpet-bag, the like of which, I firmly believe, are not to be found in the literature of any other country in Europe. I paid the cabman exactly his fare. He received it with an oath; upon which I instantly gave him a tract. If I had presented a pistol at his head this abandoned wretch could hardly have exhibited greater consternation. He jumped up on his box, and, with profane exclamations of dismay, drove off furiously. Quite useless, I am happy to say! I sowed the good seed, in spite of him, by throwing a second tract in at the window of the cab.

The servant who answered the door—not the person with the cap-ribbons, to my great relief, but the footman—informed me that the doctor had called, and was still shut up with Lady Verinder. Mr. Bruff, the lawyer, had arrived a minute since, and was waiting in the library. I was shown into the library to wait too.

Mr. Bruff looked surprised to see me. He is the family solicitor, and we had met more than once, on previous occasions, under Lady Verinder's roof. A man, I grieve to say, grown old and grizzled in the service of the world. A man who, in his hours of business, was the chosen prophet of Law and Mammon; and who, in his hours of leisure, was equally capable of reading a novel and of tearing up a tract.

"Have you come to stay here, Miss Clack?" he asked, with a look at my carpet-bag.

To reveal the contents of my precious bag to such a person as this would have been simply to invite an outburst of profanity. I lowered myself to his own worldly level and mentioned my business in the house.

"My aunt has informed me that she is about to sign her Will," I answered. "She has been so good as to ask me to be one of the witnesses."

"Ay? ay? Well, Miss Clack, you will do. You are over twenty-one, and you have not the slightest pecuniary interest in Lady Verinder's Will."

Not the slightest pecuniary interest in Lady Verinder's Will. Oh, how thankful I felt when I heard that! If my aunt, possessed of thousands, had remembered poor Me, to whom five pounds is an object—if my name had appeared in the Will, with a little comforting legacy attached to it—my enemies might have doubted the motive which had loaded me with the choicest treasures of my library, and had drawn upon my failing resources for the prodigal expenses of a cab. Not the cruelest scoffer of them all could doubt now. Much better as it was! Oh, surely, surely, much better as it was!

I was aroused from these consoling reflections by the voice of Mr. Bruff. My meditative silence appeared to weigh upon the spirits of this worldling, and to force him, as it were, into talking to me against his own will.

"Well, Miss Clack, what's the last news in the charitable circles? How is your friend Mr. Godfrey Ablewhite, after the mauling he got from the rogues in Northumberland Street? F[illegible]! they're telling a pretty story about that ch[illegible]able gentleman at my club!"

I had passed over the manner in which this person had remarked that I was more than twenty-one, and that I had no pecuniary interest in my aunt's Will. But the tone in which he alluded to dear Mr. Godfrey was too much for my forbearance. Feeling bound, after what had passed in my presence that afternoon, to assert the innocence of my admirable friend, whenever I found it called in question—I own to having also felt bound to include in the accomplishment of this righteous purpose a stinging castigation in the case of Mr. Bruff.

"I live very much out of the world," I said; "and I don't possess the advantage, Sir, of belonging to a club. But I happen to know the story to which you allude; and I also know that a viler falsehood than that story never was told."

"Yes, yes, Miss Clack—you believe in your friend. Natural enough. Mr. Godfrey Ablewhite won't find the world in general quite so easy to convince as a committee of charitable ladies. Appearances are dead against him. He was in the house when the Diamond was lost. And he was the first person in the house to go to London afterward. Those are ugly circumstances, ma'am, viewed by the light of later events."

I ought, I know, to have set him right before he went any farther. I ought to have told him that he was speaking in ignorance of a testimony to Mr. Godfrey's innocence, offered by the only person who was undeniably competent to speak from a positive knowledge of the subject. Alas! the temptation to lead the lawyer artfully on to his own discomfiture was too much for me. I asked what he meant by "later events"—with an appearance of the utmost innocence.

"By later events, Miss Clack, I mean events in which the Indians are concerned," proceeded Mr. Bruff, getting more and more superior to poor Me the longer he went on. "What do the Indians do the moment they are let out of the prison at Frizinghall? They go straight to London and fix on Mr. Luker. What does Mr. Luker say when he first applies to the magistrates for protection? He owns to suspecting a [illegible] workman in his establishment of collusio[illegible] the Indians. Can there be plainer moral ev[illegible] far, that the rogues had found an accomplice among the persons in Mr. Luker's employment, and that they knew the Moonstone to be in Mr. Luker's house? Very well. What follows? Mr. Luker feels alarmed (and with good reason) for the safety of the jewel which he has got in pledge. He lodges it privately (under a general description) in his bankers' strong-room. Wonderfully clever of him; but the Indians are just as clever on their side. They have their suspicions that the Diamond is being shifted from one place to another; and they hit on a singularly bold and complete way of clearing those suspicions up. Whom do they seize and search? Not Mr. Luker only—which would be intelligible enough—but Mr. Godfrey Ablewhite as well. Why? Mr. Ablewhite's explanation is, that they acted on blind suspicion, after seeing him accidentally speaking to Mr. Luker. Absurd! Half a dozen other people spoke to Mr. Luker that morning. Why were they not followed home too, and decoyed into the trap? No! no! The plain inference is, that Mr. Ablewhite had his private interest in the Moonstone as well as Mr. Luker, and that the Indians were so uncertain as to which of the two had the disposal of the jewel that there was no alternative but to search them both. Public opinion says that, Miss Clack. And public opinion, on this occasion, is not easily refuted."

He said those last words looking so wonderfully wise in his own worldly conceit that I really (to my shame be it spoken) could not resist leading him on a little farther still before I overwhelmed him with the truth.

"I don't presume to argue with a clever lawyer like you," I said. "But is it quite fair, Sir, to Mr. Ablewhite to pass over the opinion of the famous London police-officer who investigated this case? Not the shadow of a suspicion rested on any body but Miss Verinder, in the mind of Sergeant Cuff."

"Do you mean to tell me, Miss Clack, that you agree with the Sergeant?"

"I judge nobody, Sir, and I offer no opinion."

"And I commit both those enormities, ma'am. I judge the Sergeant to have been utterly wrong; and I offer the opinion that, if he had known Rachel's character as I know it, he would have suspected every body in the house before he suspected *her*. I admit that she has her faults—she is secret, and self-willed; odd, and wild, and unlike other girls of her age. But true as steel, and high-minded and generous to a fault. If the plainest evidence in the world pointed one way, and if nothing but Rachel's word of honor pointed the other, I would take her word before the evidence, lawyer as I am! Strong language, Miss Clack; but I mean it."

"Would you object to illustrate your meaning, Mr. Bruff, so that I may be sure I understand it? Suppose you found Miss Verinder quite unaccountably interested in what has happened to Mr. Ablewhite and Mr. Luker? Suppose she asked the strangest questions about this dreadful scandal, and displayed the most ungovernable agitation when she found out the turn it was taking?"

"Suppose any thing you please, Miss Clack, it wouldn't shake my belief in Rachel Verinder by a hair's-breadth."

"She is so absolutely to be relied on as that?"

"So absolutely to be relied on as that."

"Then permit me to inform you, Mr. Bruff, that Mr. Godfrey Ablewhite was in this house not two hours since, and that his entire innocence of all concern in the disappearance of the Moonstone was proclaimed by Miss Verinder herself, in the strongest language I ever heard used by a young lady in my life."

I enjoyed the triumph—the unholy triumph, I fear, I must admit—of seeing Mr. Bruff utterly confounded and overthrown by a few plain words from Me. He started to his feet and stared at me in silence. I kept my seat, undisturbed, and related the whole scene exactly as it

"YOU ARE NOT SO GOOD A LAWYER, MISS CLACK, AS I SUPPOSED."

had occurred. "And what do you say about Mr. Ablewhite *now?*" I asked, with the utmost possible gentleness, as soon as I had done.

"If Rachel has testified to his innocence, Miss Clack, I don't scruple to say that I believe in his innocence as firmly as you do. I have been misled by appearances, like the rest of the world; and I will make the best atonement I can, by publicly contradicting the scandal which has assailed your friend wherever I meet with it. In the mean time, allow me to congratulate you on the masterly manner in which you have opened the full fire of your batteries on me at the moment when I least expected it. You would have done great things in my profession, ma'am, if you had happened to be a man."

With those words he turned away from me, and began walking irritably up and down the room.

I could see plainly that the new light I had thrown on the subject had greatly surprised and disturbed him. Certain expressions dropped from his lips as he became more and more absorbed in his own thoughts, which suggested to my mind the abominable view that he had hitherto taken of the mystery of the lost Moonstone. He had not scrupled to suspect dear Mr. Godfrey of the infamy of taking the Diamond, and to attribute Rachel's conduct to a generous resolution to conceal the crime. On Miss Verinder's own authority—a perfectly unassailable authority, as you are aware, in the estimation of Mr. Bruff—that explanation of the circumstances was now shown to be utterly wrong. The perplexity into which I had plunged this high legal authority was so overwhelming that he was quite unable to conceal it from notice. "What a case!" I heard him say to himself, stopping at the window in his walk, and drumming on the glass with his fingers. "It not only defies explanation, it's even beyond conjecture!"

There was nothing in those words which made any reply at all needful on my part—and yet I answered them! It seems hardly credible that I should not have been able to let Mr. Bruff alone, even now. It seems almost beyond mere mortal perversity that I should have discovered, in what he had just said, a new opportunity of making myself personally disagreeable to him. But—ah, my friends! nothing is beyond mortal perversity; and any thing is credible when our fallen natures get the better of us!

"Pardon me for intruding on your reflections," I said to the unsuspecting Mr. Bruff. "But surely there is a conjecture to make which has not occurred to us yet?"

"Maybe, Miss Clack. I own I don't know what it is."

"Before I was so fortunate, Sir, as to convince you of Mr. Ablewhite's innocence, you mentioned it as one of the reasons for suspecting him that he was in the house at the time when the Diamond was lost. Permit me to remind you that Mr. Franklin Blake was also in the house at the time when the Diamond was lost."

The old worldling left the window, took a chair exactly opposite to mine, and looked at me steadily, with a hard and vicious smile.

"You are not so good a lawyer, Miss Clack," he remarked, in a meditative manner, "as I supposed. You don't know how to let well alone."

"I am afraid I fail to follow you, Mr. Bruff," I said, modestly.

"It won't do, Miss Clack—it really won't do a second time. Franklin Blake is a prime favorite of mine, as you are well aware. But that doesn't matter. I'll adopt your view, on this occasion, before you have time to turn round on me. You're quite right, ma'am. I have suspected Mr. Ablewhite, on grounds which abstractedly justify suspecting Mr. Blake too. Very good—let's suspect him together. It's quite in his character, we will say, to be capable of stealing the Moonstone. The only question is, whether it was his interest to do it."

"Mr. Franklin Blake's debts," I remarked, "are matters of family notoriety."

"And Mr. Godfrey Ablewhite's debts have not arrived at that stage of development yet. Quite true. But there happen to be two difficulties in the way of your theory, Miss Clack. I manage Franklin Blake's affairs, and I beg to inform you that the vast majority of his creditors (knowing his father to be a rich man) are quite content to charge interest on their debts, and to wait for their money. There is the first difficulty—which is tough enough. You will find the second tougher still. I have it on the authority of Lady Verinder herself, that her daughter was ready to marry Franklin Blake, before that infernal Indian Diamond disappeared from the house. She had drawn him on and put him off again, with the coquetry of a young girl. But she had confessed to her mother that she loved cousin Franklin, and her mother had trusted cousin Franklin with the secret. So there he was, Miss Clack, with his creditors content to wait, and with the certain prospect before him of marrying an heiress. By all means consider him a scoundrel; but tell me, if you please, why he should steal the Moonstone?"

"The human heart is unsearchable," I said gently. "Who is to fathom it?"

"In other words, ma'am—though he hadn't the shadow of a reason for taking the Diamond—he might have taken it, nevertheless, through natural depravity. Very well. Say he did. Why the devil—?"

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Bruff. If I hear the devil referred to in that manner, I must leave the room."

"I beg *your* pardon, Miss Clack—I'll be more careful in my choice of language for the future. All I meant to ask was this. Why—even supposing he did take the Diamond—should Franklin Blake make imself the most prominent person in the house, in trying to recover it? You may tell me he cunningly did that to divert suspicion from himself. I answer that he had no need to divert suspicion—because nobody suspected him. He first steals the Moonstone (without the slightest reason) through natural depravity; and he then acts a part, in relation to the loss of the jewel, which there is not the slightest necessity to act, and which leads to his mortally offending the young lady who would otherwise have married him. That is the monstrous proposition which you are driven to assert, if you attempt to associate the disappearance of the Moonstone with Franklin Blake. No, no, Miss Clack! After what has passed here to-day, between us two, the dead-lock in this case is complete. Rachel's own innocence is (as her mother knows, and as I know) beyond a doubt. Mr. Ablewhite's innocence is equally certain—or Rachel would never have testified to it. And Franklin Blake's innocence, as you have just seen, unanswerably asserts itself. On the one hand, we are morally certain of all these things. And, on the other hand, we are equally sure that somebody has brought the Moonstone to London, and that Mr. Luker, or his banker, is in private possession of it at this moment. What is the use of my experience, what is the use of any person's experience, in such a case as that? It baffles me; it baffles you; it baffles every body."

No—not every body. It had not baffled Sergeant Cuff. I was about to mention this with all possible mildness, and with every necessary protest against being supposed to cast a slur upon Rachel—when the servant came in to say that the doctor had gone, and that my aunt was waiting to receive us.

This stopped the discussion. Mr. Bruff collected his papers, looking a little exhausted by the demands which our conversation had made on him. I took up my bag-full of precious publications, feeling as if I could have gone on talking for hours. We proceeded in silence to Lady Verinder's room.

Permit me to add here, before my narrative advances to other events, that I have not described what passed between the lawyer and me without having a definite object in view. I am ordered to include in my contribution to the shocking story of the Moonstone a plain disclosure not only of the turn which suspicion took, but even of the names of the persons on whom suspicion rested at the time when the Indian Diamond was known to be in London. A report of my conversation in the library with Mr. Bruff appeared to me to be exactly what was wanted to answer this purpose—while, at the same time, it possessed the great moral advantage of rendering a sacrifice of sinful self-esteem essentially necessary on my part. I have been obliged to acknowledge that my fallen nature got the better of me. In making that humiliating confession *I* get the better of my fallen nature. The moral balance is restored; the spiritual atmosphere feels clear once more. Dear friends, we may go on again.

CHAPTER IV.

The signing of the Will was a much shorter matter than I had anticipated. It was hurried over, to my thinking, in indecent haste. Samuel, the footman, was sent for to act as second witness—and the pen was put at once into my aunt's hand. I felt strongly urged to say a few appropriate words on this solemn occasion. But Mr. Bruff's manner convinced me that it was wisest to check the impulse while he was in the room. In less than two minutes it was all over—and Samuel (unbenefited by what I might have said) had gone down stairs again.

Mr. Bruff folded up the Will, and then looked my way; apparently wondering whether I did, or did not, mean to leave him alone with my aunt. I had my mission of mercy to fulfill, and my bag of precious publications ready on my lap. He might as well have expected to move St. Paul's Cathedral by looking at it as to move Me. There was one merit about him (due no doubt to his worldly training) which I have no wish to deny. He was quick at seeing things. I appeared to produce almost the same impression on him which I had produced on the cabman. *He* too uttered a profane expression, and withdrew in a violent hurry, and left me mistress of the field.

As soon as we were alone my aunt reclined on the sofa, and then alluded, with some appearance of confusion, to the subject of her Will.

"I hope you won't think yourself neglected, Drusilla," she said. "I mean to *give* you your little legacy, my dear, with my own hand."

Here was a golden opportunity! I seized it on the spot. In other words, I instantly opened my bag and took out the top publication. It proved to be an early edition—only the twenty-fifth—of the famous anonymous work (believed to be by precious Miss Bellows), entitled "The Serpent at Home." The design of the book—with which the worldly reader may not be acquainted—is to show how the Evil One lies in wait for us in all the most apparently innocent actions of our daily lives. The chapters best adapted to female perusal are, "Satan in the Hair-Brush;" "Satan behind the Looking-Glass;" "Satan under the Tea-Table;" "Satan out of the Window"—and many others.

"Give your attention, dear aunt, to this precious book—and you will give me all I ask." With those words, I handed it to her open, at a marked passage—one continuous burst of burning eloquence! Subject: Satan among the Sofa-Cushions.

Poor Lady Verinder (reclining thoughtlessly on her own sofa-cushions) glanced at the book, and handed it back to me looking more confused than ever.

"I'm afraid, Drusilla," she said, "I must wait till I am a little better, before I can read that. The doctor—"

The moment she mentioned the doctor's name I knew what was coming. Over and over again, in my past experience among my perishing fellow-creatures, the members of the notoriously infidel profession of Medicine had stepped between me and my mission of mercy—on the miserable pretense that the patient wanted quiet, and that the disturbing influence of all others which they most dreaded, was the influence of Miss Clack and her Books. Precisely the same blinded materialism (working treacherously behind my back) now sought to rob me of the only right of property that my poverty could claim—my right of spiritual property in my perishing aunt.

"The doctor tells me," my poor misguided relative went on, "that I am not so well to-day. He forbids me to see any strangers; and he orders me, if I read at all, only to read the lightest and the most amusing books. 'Do nothing, Lady Verinder, to weary your head, or to quicken your pulse'—those were his last words, Drusilla, when he left me to-day."

There was no help for it but to yield again—for the moment only, as before. Any open assertion of the infinitely superior importance of such a ministry as mine, compared with the ministry of the medical man, would only have provoked the doctor to practice on the human weakness of his patient, and to threaten to throw up the case. Happily, there are more ways than one of sowing the good seed, and few persons are better versed in those ways than myself.

"You might feel stronger, dear, in an hour or two," I said. "Or you might wake to-morrow morning with a sense of something wanting, and even this unpretending volume might be able to supply it. You will let me leave the book, aunt? The doctor can hardly object to that!"

I slipped it under the sofa-cushions, half in, half out, close by her handkerchief and smelling-bottle. Every time her hand searched for either of these it would touch the book; and, sooner or later (who knows?), the book might touch *her*. After making this arrangement, I thought it wise to withdraw. "Let me leave you to repose, dear aunt; I will call again to-morrow." I looked accidentally toward the window as I said that. It was full of flowers, in boxes and pots. Lady Verinder was extravagantly fond of these perishable treasures, and had a habit of rising every now and then, and going to look at them and smell them. A new idea flashed across my mind. "Oh! may I take a flower?" I said—and got to the window, unsuspected, in that way. Instead of taking away a flower I added one, in the shape of another book from my bag, which I left to surprise my aunt, among the geraniums and roses. The happy thought followed, "Why not do the same for her, poor dear, in every other room that she enters?" I immediately said good-by; and, crossing the hall, slipped into the library. Samuel, coming up to let me out, and supposing I had gone, went down stairs again. On the library table I noticed two of the "amusing books" which the infidel doctor had recommended. I instantly covered them from sight with two of my own precious publications. In the breakfast-room I found my aunt's favorite canary singing in his cage. She was always in the habit of feeding the bird herself. Some groundsel was strewed on a table which stood immediately under the cage. I put a book among the groundsel. In the drawing-room I found more cheering opportunities of emptying my bag. My aunt's favorite musical pieces were on the piano. I slipped in two more books among the music. I disposed of another in the back drawing-room, under some unfinished embroidery, which I knew to be of Lady Verinder's working. A third little room opened out of the back drawing-room, from which it was shut off by a curtain instead of a door. My aunt's plain old-fashioned fan was on the chimney-piece. I opened my ninth book at a very special passage, and put the fan in as a marker, to keep the place. The question then came, whether I should go higher still, and try the bedroom floor—at the risk, undoubtedly, of being insulted, if the person with the cap-ribbons happened to be in the upper regions of the house, and to find me out. But oh, what of that? It is a poor Christian that is afraid of being insulted. I went up stairs, prepared to bear any thing. All was silent and solitary—it was the servants' tea-time, I suppose. My aunt's room was in front. The miniature of my late dear uncle, Sir John, hung on the wall opposite the bed. It seemed to smile at me; it seemed to say "Drusilla! deposit a book." There were tables on either side of my aunt's bed. She was a bad sleeper, and wanted, or thought she wanted, many things at night. I put a book near the matches on one side, and a book under the box of chocolate drops on the other. Whether she wanted a light, or whether she wanted a drop, there was a precious publication to meet her eye, or to meet her hand, and to say with silent eloquence, in either case, "Come, try me! try me!" But one book was now left at the bottom of my bag, and but one apartment was still unexplored—the bath-room, which opened out of the bedroom. I peeped in; and the holy inner voice that never deceives whispered to me, "You have met her, Drusilla, every where else; meet her at the bath, and the work is done." I observed a dressing-gown thrown across a chair. It had a pocket in it, and in that pocket I put my last book. Can words express my exquisite sense of duty done, when I had slipped out of the house, unsuspected by any of them, and when I found myself in the street with my empty bag under my arm? Oh, my worldly friends, pursuing the phantom, Pleasure, through the guilty mazes of Dissipation, how easy it is to be happy, if you will only be good!

When I folded up my things that night—when I reflected on the *true* riches which I had scattered with such a lavish hand, from top to bottom of the house of my wealthy aunt—I declare I felt as free from all anxiety as if I had been a child again. I was so light-hearted that I sang a verse of the Evening Hymn. I was so light-hearted that I fell asleep before I could sing another. Quite like a child again! quite like a child again!

So I passed that blissful night. On rising the next morning how young I felt! I might add, how young I looked, if I were capable of dwelling on the concerns of my own perishable body. But I am not capable—and I add nothing.

Toward luncheon-time—not for the sake of the creature-comforts, but for the certainty of finding dear aunt—I put on my bonnet to go to Montagu Square. Just as I was ready the maid at the lodgings in which I then lived put her head in at the door, and said, "Lady Verinder's servant, to see Miss Clack."

A WOMAN'S BOOK.*

By MRS. DINAH MULOCK CRAIK.

Author of "John Halifax, Gentleman," etc.

"What?" lately said a certain young American, entering a London bookseller's shop, and laying his hand, a little contemptuously, on a newly-published volume—simple enough to look at, having on its plain green binding neither coronets nor coats of arms—nothing but a monogram, "V.A."—the entwined initials which we English used to see familiarly every where for so many years, and now see only there—"What! do you call that a Queen's book?"

"No," replied the bookseller, with an honest dignity, "we call it *a woman's book.*"

And this is the true way in which to look at them, both the present and the previous volume, which go by the name of "the Queen's books," as if her Majesty were trying to place herself among the ranks—sparse and small—of royal authors. Not at all. The very name—"royal author"—is a double misnomer, especially with regard to the second work. The worthy bookseller—we would it were fair to give his honest name—was quite right. "Leaves from the Journal of our Life" is essentially a woman's book. There is little of "the Queen," and almost nothing of "the author" in it. They who look for either, but especially the last, will assuredly be disappointed—as disappointed as they might be, and would deserve to be, if in reading the home-letters of their wives and daughters they expected to find them *Saturday Review* essays or *Times* leading articles. Such a thing is not likely, nor would it redound much to the credit of the wife or daughter, if instead of being a simple woman, writing her natural home-letter, just as will please them all at home, she were to soar into grand literary composition, compiled, as some celebrated authors do their most familiar epistles—with an eye to posterity.

This, our Queen's book, is, in a sense, no book at all—only a letter. A General Epistle, as it were—addressed to all her people, who in some things have rather misunderstood and wronged her of late—opening to them her whole heart, and appealing to their good hearts to try and understand the depth of her sorrow by measuring it with what she now reveals to them of the high perfection of her vanished joy. This utter candor—this wonderful *absence* of reticence, under circumstances when a nature so essentially womanly would ordinarily grow reticent in the extreme—is of itself the strongest testimony in favor of the book, and the advisability, nay necessity, of publishing it. A woman, not less womanly than this royal lady, has said, speaking of grief:

> "Judge the length of the sword by the sheath's,
> By the silence of life, more pathetic than death's;"

and so it ordinarily is. But our Queen was in perfectly exceptional circumstances. She could not keep silence; her position did not allow it: and this was the only way in which she could speak.

It was becoming high time she should speak. The dissatisfied half of the nation were already murmuring against her very hard, bitter, and unjust things. And here, in their climax of dissatisfaction, appears this book, proving by its straightforward unconscious evidence—circumstantial evidence, the strongest of all—that every disloyal allegation was inherently and ludicrously false. That, so far from being absorbed in a morbid, selfish sorrow, there is probably not a woman in the three kingdoms more utterly unselfish, or more free from that most unpleasant form of egotism, self-consciousness, than her Majesty. That she is also a busy woman—fulfilling her countless duties, harder than any of us know, with earnest conscientiousness; a wise woman—ordering her household and family, and acquainted with all that happens therein; beloved by, and affectionately appreciating, every worthy servant of the crown, from the great Duke of Wellington to the Highland Gillie who runs along by her pony's side; that, so far from rejecting her people's love, and being careless of their sympathy, she is touchingly, sensitively eager for both. And now she has come forward in her noble self-abandonment, her most pathetic unreserve—laying aside all the trapping of royalty, and riding through the land like a spiritual Lady Godiva, clothed only in her own thorough womanhede—to set her people free.

Yes, free; for there is no worse slavery for a nation than the habit of carping at its rulers; of slandering and backbiting; of "speaking evil of dignities," merely because they are dignities; of being ever ready to carry from mouth to mouth defamatory or ludicrous stories. Now, as our widowed Godiva passes on through the lonely sunshine we feel that it will be at least through

* "Leaves from the Journal of our Life in the Highlands. Edited by Arthur Helps." Published by Harper & Brothers.

a silent city: the silliest, wickedest tongue will be ashamed to wag about her any more.

Though neither of these books can be called exactly literary productions, or judged by the strict canons of the art of authorship, they are in one sense very remarkable contributions to literature, and especially to historic literature. What would we not give for a dozen pages of such fragments out of the reign of Queen Elizabeth, or any other English sovereign! Two hundred years to come how invaluable they will be! Even now it is curious to read them—as was said before of literary letters—with an eye to posterity.

But even to us now living they are very interesting: more than interesting, valuable. However we may gossip about it, and try to pry into it, the middle classes know very little of the inner life of royalty. We have still in our secret hearts a dim suspicion that

"Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown"—

it must be because her Majesty is in the habit of sleeping in it—and that if we had the honor of meeting her in private life she would certainly carry a gold sceptre instead of a common parasol or umbrella. In fact our ideas are very misty about court life altogether. We do not fall before it on our bended knees, as we did in the time of the Georges, when Sunday after Sunday a loyal adoring crowd followed down the slopes of Windsor that good, jolly, farmer-like man, his plain, prim wife, and their tribe of doubtless very commonplace sons and daughters. It is different now. We do not, as a stanch Tory once observed, "revere the crown though it hung upon a bush." We have ceased to believe in the divine right of kings; but we believe all the more earnestly, as perhaps no generation ever did before, in the divine right of all humanity.

And this is what makes these royal books so valuable, so interesting in themselves and likely to do so much good—they are intensely human, especially the last one.

To begin from the outside—the widest circle of interest before it narrows down to the pure, fine point of conjugal and parental love, the central star of the whole. For twenty years we had been accustomed to read in journals, and brief court circulars, and lengthy articles by "Our Own Correspondent," of the Queen's progresses, entertainments, ceremonials; ponderous accounts of the crowds, the processions, etc.; and minor details, whenever they could be gleaned, of the royal personages, their looks, sayings, and doings—notably few, and generally rather apocryphal. Now, after this long interval, we see the picture from the other side.

Take, for instance, her Majesty's account of what was a vivid public interest at the time—the first royal visit to Scotland.

Now many Edinburgh people will remember the incidents of that landing—how there was some unfortunate hitch in the ceremonial, causing much trouble and confusion, and bringing a shower of abuse and quizzing and disparaging criticism upon the luckless bailie whose fault it was. But not a word of this does the gentle diarist record. She sees only the pleasantness and the loyalty. And when, at last, these two young people—we must remember they *were* young people, not above a year or two married, and dearly loving each other's society—escape, "feeling dreadfully tired and giddy," from the endless ceremonial of welcome, to reappear, in an hour or two after, as the cynosures of a large dinner-party, there is still not a word of complaint; only "every body was very kind and civil." Perhaps one of the most touching things in the book is the half-surprised gratefulness—actual gratefulness—with which this simple-natured, high-hearted woman, accidentally born a queen, takes every demonstration of loyalty.

Again, it may be good for the many lady-grumblers, "bored" or "worn to death" by their burdensome and mostly self-imposed social duties, as they call them, to read the story of two days during her Majesty's visit to Dublin, on a tour supposed to be a tour of "enjoyment:"

Wednesday, August 8.—At twenty minutes to one o'clock we left for Dublin, I and all the ladies in evening dresses, all the gentlemen in uniform. We drove straight to the Castle. Every thing here as at St. James's Levée—the staircase and throne-room quite like a palace. I received (on the throne) the addresses of the Lord Mayor and Corporation, the University, the Archbishop and Bishops, both Roman Catholic and Anglican, the Presbyterians, the non-subscribing Presbyterians, and the Quakers. They also presented Albert with addresses. Then followed a very long Levée, which lasted without intermission till twenty minutes to six o'clock! Two thousand people were presented!

Thursday, August 9.—There was a great and brilliant review in the Phœnix Park—six thousand one hundred and sixty men, including the Constabulary. In the evening we two dined alone, and at half past eight o'clock drove into Dublin for the Drawing-room. It is always held here of an evening. I should think, between two and three thousand people passed before us, and one thousand six hundred ladies were presented. After it was over, we walked through St. Patrick's Hall, and the other rooms: and the crowd was very great. We came back to the Phœnix Park at half past twelve, the streets still densely crowded. The city was illuminated.

Verily the poor young Queen was a hard-worked woman.

It is an open question how far the abolition of even cumbrous and vexatious state ceremonials is desirable. They are a link with the past—an inferior past, maybe, to our present: for it is a mistake to suppose that parents are necessarily wiser than their children; often quite the contrary. Still, as we advance in life, we cling tenderly to old things simply because they are old. The pomps and splendors of stately royalty are not to be despised, being the outward and visible sign of a much higher reality. Thus there is some justice in the grumblings of those good "auld-farrant" souls who mourn over the annihilation of the Lord Mayor's Show—the eight cream-colored Hanoverian horses, "eating their heads off," unseen, from year to year, in the royal stables; and especially the unworn royal robes, thrown ignominiously over the back of a chair. Mere forms these things may be, child's play, descended to us from barbaric ages, when the national eye loved to be dazzled with outside show, and very irksome they must have been to those engaged therein. Still, we all have to go through irksome duties for the benefit of society. And royalty has its duties, too, even ceremonial duties, which it can not escape from without periling a little of the patient dignity, the self-denying self-respect, so to speak, which adds lustre to any throne.

Yet it is difficult to judge wisely concerning these things. The crown may be more or less thorny than one of our everyday bonnets; but we are apt to forget that while we wear only this bonnet, our queenly head wears not merely the ordinary matron-coif (alas, the widow's cap now!) but *also* the crown.

One noticeable fact, by-the-way, in these "Leaves" ought to serve as an admonishment to authors in general and traveling authors in particular—the graphic effects produced by extreme simplicity. We have only to go to Nature, and reproduce her faithfully, and as Ruskin would say "lovingly," in order to arrive at results more telling than the most labored and unnatural art. Little thought the gentle-hearted journalist, setting down in the simplest phraseology her "visits to the old women," that she was painting a subject which the hand of a future Sterne, Wilkie, or Wordsworth may do into endless poems and pictures for the benefit of posterity. Such "Studies," if we may profane them by using an artistic term, are numerous throughout the book, which, simple as is its character, gives evidence of not only a cultivated but an original mind. Undoubtedly the last thing her Majesty thought of was painting her own portrait; yet she has done it, and in colors vivid and true beyond the touch of time to efface. Therein the most prominent characteristic is the one already noticed—the very last we would expect in a queen—an absence of self-consciousness; in fact, a total abnegation of self so pathetic as to be often almost sublime. Then there is, as a natural consequence, an unlimited sympathy in other people. From the highest to the lowest every one seems to have a place, small or large, in this warm heart—this tenacious and accurate memory. Even persons casually met, such as "Mr. Taylor, mineral agent to the Duchy of Cornwall, a very intelligent young man, married to a niece of Sir Charles Lemons;" "Mr. Fox, a Quaker, who lives at Falmouth, and has sent us flowers, fruits, and many other things," will feel something better than mere curiosity in seeing themselves thus remembered.

Besides her friends, the Queen seems to exercise a peculiar care over her servants. It should be a sharp example to those fine ladies among the middle classes who almost ignore domestics, treat them as automatons or slaves, and then complain that good servants are impossible, to see what a thoroughly feudal relationship seems to subsist between the highest lady in the realm and *her* servants. "Jane Shackle," "the good Grant," Brown, "handy and willing to do every thing and any thing, and to overcome every difficulty, which makes him one of my best servants any where;" nay, even "poor Batterbury," the English groom at Balmoral, of whom his mistress related, with a gentle drollery, that "he *followed* me about in his ordinary dress, torn boots and gaiters, and seemed any thing but happy"—all share the same kindly remembrance. Indeed it is touching in going through the book to mark note after note respecting these and other faithful servants, and incidentally all these have been done for them by her Majesty or the Prince Consort in acknowledgment of their fidelity.

Another lesson this book unconsciously teaches to our luxurious eye—how perfectly independent a truly regal nature, in any rank, is of personal luxury. No one can read of the Queen's life in the Highlands without feeling that what she and her husband enjoyed most in it was its excessive simplicity—at times almost amounting to hardship. And when one thinks of the blasé, grumbling, self-indulgent tourists whom one knows—who go about the beautiful world seeing nothing in it, or only things to complain of—the picture of this young Queen and Prince cheerily enjoying their mutual journeying, making the best of every thing, always ready to be grateful and pleased with what was done for them and shown to them, and, best of all, always content with what was their strong-hold of happiness—their own companionship and that of their children—this, though a picture now curtained over by a mysterious hand, will yet remain for all generations as an unfaded glimpse of Arcadia.

No pure happiness ever dies, or ever becomes any thing but happiness. The sharp sense of loss may darken it for a time, but can never wholly annihilate it. Joy, remembered only, is still most perfect joy. Days may come—from the evidence of this book the nation affectionately trusts they are coming now—when the mother of her people may feel, if she does not already feel, that the noblest tribute to him whom we shall forever venerate as

"The silent father of our kings to be,"

is to assume in its utmost responsibility that regal motherhood; to show herself just as she is, in her sacred sorrow as in her long past youthful bliss, unto her myriad children; every one of whom holds out to her—not unmingled with few contrite tears—earnestly longing, reverent arms. She has opened her heart, and confided herself to the heart of the nation; it acknowledges and respects the trust, and will ever be faithful to it.

What further is there to be said? if indeed there was need to say any thing, when by this date the book will have been read universally wherever English is spoken throughout the wide proportion of the earth's surface which owns as sovereign and queen this woman. None can give her a higher or better title; it will last her longer than her crown.

One word more—which we are sure the royal lady would be the last to wish left unsaid—even though the strong interest of the work itself a little blinds one to the preface that introduces it. In a most difficult and delicate position as a gentleman and an author advising a *not* literary lady; as a subject giving both wise counsel and valuable assistance to a sovereign, Mr. Arthur Helps, in his own manly, simple, independent fashion, has done exactly what he ought to have done, and said exactly what he ought to say.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

BRIEF CORRESPONDENCE.—In Maine a Quaker once sent to a brother Quaker a sheet of paper in the middle of which was an ? He received by return of mail another sheet with an 0 in the middle of the page. The correspondence meant, "What news?"—Answer, "Nothing."

THE IMPEACHERS' MOTTO—Wade in.

LEAP-YEAR.

LOUISA. "You dare to say you love Theodore?"
MATILDA. "I shall propose to him to-night."
LOUISA. "You're after his money, you false-hearted thing!"

INFATUATED BRIDGET. "Oh, Misther Brooks, yer such a fine man—such a good man; and Missus abuses you so! Yer've good grounds for divorce agin her, Sir. I'd be a lovin' wife to you!"

SAM. "Going to Mrs. B.'s soirée to-night, George?"
GEORGE. "Hang it, no! Been proposed to no less than eleven times already this year. Trying to a man's feelings. One shouldn't be a brute, you know."

This hasn't happened yet, but little Binks fears it will. She's such a passionate creature! and his father is opposed to the match.

SISSY. "This is leap-year, Tommy."
TOMMY. "Is it?"
SISSY. "I've a right to ask you to marry me, Tommy. We'll share our candies and pennies together."
TOMMY. "That 'll be nice, won't it?"

EMMA. "That house is mine, Augustus. So is the next, and next. My father left me wealthy. I'll give you every luxury if you'll be mine."
AUGUSTUS. "Do you think me avaricious, darling? Your love is all I wish. I am happy!"

WHAT A FALL WAS THERE!—We fear that the police force resort at times to extreme measures in the execution of their duty. An "active and intelligent officer" is reported to have *dropped on his man* unexpectedly in a public thoroughfare. Supposing that the gentleman in blue was only a 200-pound man, it must have been no joke for his unlucky prisoner—must have fallen on him, in fact, very flat indeed.

Why is the King of Dahomey like a famous painter?—Because he is a man of color, celebrated for the manner in which he executes his subjects.

Wanted, an undertaker to make coffins, by contract, for "the dead of the night."

A fond parent, anxious that his infant son should be sharp in his wits and profound in his thoughts, has sent him to sea, so that he may be "rocked in the cradle of *the deep*."

Archdeacon Fisher was not without a little vanity on the subject of his sermons, and once received a quiet hint from Constable on the subject. Having preached an old sermon once, which he was not aware Constable had heard before, he asked him how he liked it. "Very much indeed, Fisher," replied Constable, "I always did like that sermon."

THE LADIES' GALLERY OF THE SENATE DURING THE IMPEACHMENT TRIAL.—[See Page 244.]

"A MOTHER'S CARES."

SEARED.

Only a little wiser, perhaps,
Yet somewhat sadder too;
'Tis always sad to awake and find
A pleasant dream untrue.

To find that lips had loved you well,
But Heart stood coldly by,
Nor recked that the white hand trembled so,
Or the lid of the well-taught eye.

Still she did all she had to do,
I'll blame her not, not I;
She was merely acting Woman
In the drama of A Lie!

Yet tis from this part of Woman,
That one all simple now,
First learns to forget to be true in love,
To smile at the broken vow!

Say then if he see it often played—
Seems it so passing strange
That a heartless love seem sweet enough,
That he care not now to change?

If heart be a thing so hard to find,
That he rest from his search a while,
Content to be wooed by the brightest eye,
Or to bask in the sunniest smile?

No, she must learn that a heart once seared
Or dies in its cold, proud pain,
Or is healed by the smile of as false as she
But never by hers again.

Yet she does all she has to do,
I'll blame her not, not I;
She is merely acting Woman
In the drama of A Lie!

THE PUBLISHER'S DAUGHTER.

One hundred years ago, what Mr. John Murray, of Albemarle Street, is now to the city of London, was Mr. James Haley to the city of Dublin. Besides being a publisher, he was the proprietor of a newspaper called the Dublin *Mercury*, which possessed such an influence over the Irish mind as induced Lord Townshend to select it as the official organ of the Irish Government.

If Mr. Haley was happy in the possession of a newspaper which found unlimited patronage among the public and the Government, which enrolled among its contributors the names of Marlay, the Dean of Ferns, and Jephson, the dramatist, and which had for an opponent the *Freeman's Journal*, directed by the once celebrated Dr. Lucas, he was yet more happy in the possession of Elizabeth, his youngest daughter.

This girl was the belle of Dublin. She had won this enviable distinction as much through the accomplishments of her mind as through the graces of her person. It is recorded that her form was matchless for its symmetry and lightness. She had an abundance of that superb hair which is neither golden nor auburn, but which seems to partake of the beauties of both, mingling their hues like those clouds which we see floating above and around the setting sun. Her eyes were dark blue and deep, her features classic in their precision—in the short, haughty lip, in the low, straight forehead, the oval, velvet-like cheek and chin. Her hands were considered to be the smallest and whitest of any woman's in the three kingdoms, and her foot was taken by a well-known bootmaker of the period as a model for the slipper in the extravaganza of "Cinderella." She could converse fluently in several foreign languages, she was a superb musician, and her paintings elicited the approbation of the most critical connoisseurs.

The admiration, however, which she excited among the literary, and even aristocratic, circles in which she moved did not in the least affect her. She had a great deal too much sense to be flattered by the almost fulsome compliments which the beaux of her acquaintance took every opportunity to whisper to her. She cared little for society. The only companionship she appeared to value was that of her sister Grace. She had been left motherless at an early age; but in Mr. Haley she found a father who supplied every want engendered by the absence of the other parent with a tenderness, a pride, and a care that created a love between them that was little short of adoration.

Mr. Haley's drawing-room was over the *Mercury's* office. In those days fashion had not driven tradespeople into houses away from their shops; and the place of business which supplied the publisher with his fortune he considered quite good enough to furnish him with a residence. In addition to the family circle occupying this drawing-room one mild summer's evening were Gabriel Guertier, a young Frenchman, and Charles Talbot.

Talbot was about five-and-twenty years old at the period at which my story opens. Without being a strikingly handsome man, he was possessed of pretty much every requisite to manly beauty. A lofty, white forehead; large, flashing black eyes; a sweet smile, disclosing the whitest teeth; and a form, strong, well-proportioned, and supple, made him a rather dangerous foe to the peace of mind of those young ladies whom he took it into his head to attack.

Gabriel was Grace's recognized lover. They had been engaged some time, and it was almost impossible to conceive any passion more pure, more generous, more unvarying than that which subsisted between the young people.

Elizabeth, though courted, caressed, and flattered on every side, had as yet no lover of her own. Many other girls placed in her position would, doubtless, have fallen in love pretty well every other day, considering the amount of attention she got from men for whom all the Dublin girls were sighing. But somehow or other, in proportion as she was more wooed, so she became more exacting. Her suitors all wanted some one thing more than the poor fellows happened to possess; it might be a better-shaped nose, a smaller mouth, whiter hands, a quicker wit, a finer character, a more generous heart, etc. And so it came to pass that she let them all go by her, including even in her contempt a viceroy, without feeling her heart in the slightest degree affected by the trying ordeal through which her beauty had compelled her to pass.

But a change was to come over the dream of her life. The smile and eyes of Charles Talbot were at length to achieve a conquest that it was the general opinion among the beaux of Dublin was wholly impracticable.

Talbot had brought a letter of recommendation from the Earl of Shrewsbury to Mr. Haley. This, together with the specimens of his skill as an engraver, had induced the publisher to give him employment. He acquitted himself so admirably that, in the shortest time possible, he had won for himself the regard and confidence of his employer.

It occurred that during the evening to which I have referred Mr. Haley had left the room for a short time. The night was darkening outside. Elizabeth rose, stirred the fire, and, while the ruddy glow lighted up her lovely features, turned to Talbot, and exclaimed:

"Every body hears a good deal of the Earl of Shrewsbury; but I've never met any body yet who knows him personally, saving yourself. What kind of looking man is he, Mr. Talbot? Is he handsome, to begin with?"

"Tolerably handsome. I don't think him very good-looking, though I believe the reverse is the opinion of a good many."

"Is he old?"

Talbot smiled.

"One of the most piquant traits in a woman's character is curiosity. Let me congratulate you upon the possession of it in an eminent degree."

He showed his white teeth, and flashed his eye upon her as he spoke. She colored a little, and looked downward at the fire.

"Is he often in love, Mr. Talbot?" asked Grace.

"Not often. But I would not answer for that view of his character, were he once to set foot in this drawing-room."

"That's meant for you, Lizzie," said Grace.

"And why not for you?" Talbot inquired.

"Ask him," she answered, laughing, and pointing at Guertier.

Guertier shrugged his shoulders in true French fashion, but remained silent.

The conversation went on in this kind of strain until the return of Mr. Haley, when the two young men rose, and bidding good-night, took their departure.

Six months passed away, during which it happened that a coolness sprang up between Guertier and Talbot. The sarcasms of the Englishman were sometimes quite intolerable to the somewhat plebeian pride of the Frenchman. Nevertheless they remained on speaking terms, and in the presence of others even ventured upon the interchange of apparently friendly familiarities.

Grace, who was sharp at detecting the secret dislike of her lover for Talbot, could not, however, sympathize with it. There was an attractiveness about Talbot that was not to be resisted. He was just one of that kind of men whom a man has most to fear as a rival, and whom a woman has most to delight in as a lover.

As for Elizabeth, her love for him was profound, absorbing. She kept it secret for a long time; but his quick perception, on his declaring his love for her, soon divined the passionate feelings that animated her heart for him.

One evening a brilliant party was given by Jephson, the dramatist, in his rooms in Change Alley. Among those present were Mr. Haley, Grace, Elizabeth, and Guertier. Card-tables were scattered about the room, around which might be seen assembled groups attired in the picturesque costumes with which the paintings of that period have made us all familiar. Elizabeth was seated near one of these card-tables, watching a game of basset that was being dextrously played, when her attention was called away by some persons laughing heartily in the corner of the room; and on rising to remark the cause of this sudden hilarity she perceived Talbot standing in the centre of the group laughing as heartily as the rest.

It appeared that Talbot had been amusing himself with sketching a portrait of Charles Lucas, the butt and foe of the wits of the *Mercury*. The likeness was a caricature, and presented an absurd resemblance to Mr. Haley. Guertier had drawn nigh, and on catching sight of the drawing had burst out into a laugh. This had attracted other by-standers, who, seeing what they fancied to be the joke, fell to violently laughing themselves.

"Give me that likeness, Talbot, will you?" asked Guertier.

"Bah! it's not worth having," rejoined Talbot. "However, you may take it if you will," and, turning upon his heel, he strolled away.

Guertier took the drawing, and beneath it wrote the words, "*Old Haley.*" Approaching Elizabeth, who, on catching sight of Talbot, had blushed and resumed her seat, he placed the sketch in her hands without comment. She gazed at it for a moment, then indignantly exclaimed—

"Did Mr. Talbot do this?"

"Yes," was the laconic reply; then, after a moment's pause, he added, "It's very like, isn't it? But what makes you so angry?"

She answered—

"I do not feel very well. I am not angry."

But her white, contracted brows distinctly denied her words. Scarcely had Guertier left her side when Talbot approached her.

"I have come to take you to the next room," he said, gayly. "It is cooler there, and the tables are spread with the choicest repast I ever saw. Come!"

"Did you draw this picture, Mr. Talbot?"

He inspected it for a moment, and then said—

"Yes."

"Your father wants you in the next room, Miss Haley," said Guertier, from the door.

"Have you dared, Mr. Talbot, to caricature a man whom I so love?" she said, eagerly and tearfully.

"Your father wants you in the next room, Miss Haley," repeated Guertier.

"I will not entertain this company with a scene, Mr. Talbot," she went on; "but—"

"Why are you talking so wildly, Miss Haley?" exclaimed Talbot, clasping his hands. "Surely—you—you—"

He stopped abruptly, fixing his big eyes upon her with an expression half of rage, half of adoration.

"It would be advisable for us not to meet again," she said, rising and bowing haughtily to him.

He turned deadly pale.

"And all through a caricature of a stupid fool!" he said.

She drew herself up, and gave him one look; then, turning sharply round, she followed Guertier into the adjoining room. In a quarter of an hour after this the party left.

Who shall tell the bitterness of the days and nights to Elizabeth that followed this quarrel with her lover? Her sister had married, her father was dead—she was all alone now.

There had come a revelation from her sister that had almost killed her. Talbot had not been guilty of the insult which had been the cause of their quarrel. Grace had been told the secret by her husband, and, compassionating her sister's sadness, had communicated it to her.

Her grief seemed to broaden around her. It was miserable to remember that she had lost a lover whom she so adored. It was almost death to know how he had been lost.

She accepted an invitation to spend a few weeks with some friends in London, thinking that new scenes would help to subdue the dejection to which her mind was now constantly a prey. But the very hum and shock of the huge metropolis seemed only to add a new bitterness to her sense of solitude.

One evening she encountered Charles Talbot in the streets. She had not seen him now for a long, long time. She was, with some friends, passing by an exhibition of engravings in Fleet Street. He did not recognize her, but she knew him at once. He did not look so well as she remembered seeing him when last they met. She would have given her whole heart to speak to him; but even while she hesitated the crowd surged a little to and fro, and when she looked around he was gone.

Their next meeting was brought about by an extraordinary coincidence. It appeared that the friends with whom Elizabeth was stopping possessed some valuable engravings, which they were desirous of selling. They had been placed in the drawing-room, and during the day parties of strangers would drop in for the purpose of inspecting them.

Elizabeth was seated alone in the room, contemplating the engravings with an abstracted gaze. She had entered just as some visitors had taken their departure. Hardly five minutes had elapsed when the door was suddenly thrown open, and Mr. Talbot was shown in. On seeing him Elizabeth uttered a low cry. He stopped, as if struck with astonishment; then, hastily advancing, he exclaimed:

"I little expected to meet you here, Miss Haley. Will my presence embarrass you if I remain for about three minutes to inspect some of these sketches?"

She was intensely mortified by his coolness. Without raising her eyes from the ground she answered:

"If I find your presence embarrasses me, I can easily leave the room."

He made no answer, but commenced his inspection. She did not raise her eyes from the ground for some minutes. When she did, she found that Talbot was leaning against a screen, with folded arms, and with his eyes intently fixed upon her. The instant their glances met she rose, and was about to leave the room, when, hastily advancing, he seized her by the hand.

"Elizabeth, my darling Elizabeth!" he exclaimed, in musical, passionate accents, "do not leave me now! You blamed me falsely once—I loved you well then—ay, still love you! I was wronged—cruelly wronged! You know it! Will you leave me? I am leaving England soon—perhaps forever! I am poor, destitute! Yet I can not leave the old country without hearing one tender adieu from her whom only I have loved in this world, whom only—"

He paused, overwhelmed with his feelings.

All the old memories of by-gone days rushed over her as she met his full, loving eyes beaming down into hers. His warm clasp was on her hand, his warm breath was on her cheek—he was drawing her to his heart, and she could not resist him. One sigh, and she was upon his breast, telling him how long and fondly she had loved him.

"My own darling! Heaven bless you! My wife—my own—"

The door was thrown open and the owner of the pictures walked in.

"Why, my lord, is it possible?" he exclaimed, throwing up his hands. "I had no idea you were acquainted with Miss Haley. Elizabeth, how long, pray, have you known the Earl of Shrewsbury?"

Elizabeth started back, white and trembling.

"The Earl of Shrewsbury!" she cried, "what does this mean, Charles? Are you—"

"The Earl of Shrewsbury, Lizzie? Yes, I am. And you are the future Countess of Shrewsbury. Mr. Walker, let me receive your congratulations upon the choice I have made of a girl who this day month will be my wife."

He spoke truly, for on that day month the publisher's daughter became the Countess of Shrewsbury.

MY QUIET GLEN.

A place where Spring delights to dwell,
And Summer weaves a fairy spell,
And Autumn lingers long;
Where trees all day long droop and dream,
Listening the murmur of the stream,
And the full tide of song.

Where waters babble in the noon,
And babble louder 'neath the moon,
When all the world is still;
While out and in they plash and play,
By branches shaded from the day,
Beneath the greening hill.

God sent me here, I know it well,
A while in rest of heart to dwell
Beyond the din of strife;
Far from the city's dusty street,
From weary hearts and weary feet,
And toils of painful life.

Here must I gird my armor on,
Here the brave heart's strong harness don,
Here watch the rolling sea;
Then when its waves break o'er my bark,
When winds are loud and waves are dark,
I calm within may be.

ROUGH-RIDING IN CHINA.

I see by the papers that our new Minister *from* China has been enjoying one of the excitements of that country in the shape of an attack from robbers. China, uncivilized as it is, resembles all other countries in this respect, and possesses as many petty thieves as New York, and a great many more brigands than either Italy or Mexico, which I take it is speaking pretty strongly. I once enjoyed an encounter with some Chinese brigands, and did some as rough rough-riding as Mr. Burlingame; and this was the manner of it:

Some years ago I was sent on a sea voyage for the benefit of my health, and the ship in which I sailed was sent to Amoy, where she lay for some months during the winter waiting to fill up with tea for New York.

One evening some of our friends were making a visit on board the ship, when the conversation turned on the power and endurance of the little shaggy pique horses that we were in the habit of riding every day.

"Ah," said Mr. Field, a merchant of Amoy, "you would believe any thing of them if you saw how Broderick handles them!"

"And who is Mr. Broderick?" asked one of the party.

"A cousin of mine, and the most daring rough-rider in the English army," said the Captain; "and you will all have an opportunity of seeing him," he added, "for he is to arrive in the steamer to-morrow."

I felt quite curious to see him, for I have a great admiration for pluck, and I found myself wondering whether he would be able to join the picnic that was to be given in honor of our approaching departure.

A picnic in China, when undertaken by Americans, is very like a picnic in America. During our stay these picnics had been our chief delight. We used to send the provisions on before in the care of coolies, and we followed after mounted on little "jack-nags," or, more correctly speaking, on the before-mentioned small, shaggy horses, a breed of native animals celebrated for their endurance and sure-footedness. We generally left the town at about ten o'clock in the morning and rode to our destination, where we strolled about talking, laughing, and singing, eating our lunch and enjoying the delicious clear winter air, returning in time to dress for the seven o'clock dinner.

The picnic in question was given us by Mr. Field, the merchant to whose house our ship was consigned.

The morning came, the steamer's letters had all been dispatched, and the gentlemen felt as if they had a few days' breathing space. It was a lovely winter morning, and we went on shore quite early to begin the day's sport. As Mr. Field was putting me on to my pony I heard him say, "So you have decided to go, after all, John."

I looked up to see who "John" might be, and I saw a stalwart Englishman of the pure Saxon type, all muscle and sinew, not an ounce of spare flesh, with the strong jaw that betokened an iron will. I imagined at once that this must be the new-comer, whose prowess Mr. Field had extolled a few nights before.

And I was right. A few words introduced "Mr. Broderick," and a few more placed me under his particular care, as the most timid rider among the ladies, and consequently as needing more protection.

Our party consisted of twenty-one gentlemen and four ladies, the wives of missionaries, Mrs. Grew, the Captain's wife, and myself.

As we were starting, Mr. Broderick turned to me, saying,

"Have they given you a leaping-saddle, Miss Mayhew?"

"No," I answered.

"Well," said he, "then it must be changed; for no lady shall ride under my protection unless she is fairly equipped."

So I went back, and the saddle was changed, and I have every reason to be thankful for the forethought that suggested the alteration.

Our way lay for six or seven miles across a

country with nothing remarkable about it in any way. There could not be much general conversation, for the path was a ridge in the paddy (rice) fields, and was never wide enough for more than two, and often the whole party were stretched out in Indian file.

When we had ridden seven miles we had to pass in the neighborhood of a little Chinese village, and as we went on our horses were hit with one or two stones thrown from the town. However, we rode on unharmed, and reached the temple, and found all the rest of the party dismounted (for the change in the saddle had occasioned a little delay).

The day was an unusually pleasant one. We ate, and drank, and sang, explored the temple, but found neither priests nor worshipers. There is a curious custom in China of leaving the temples open and alone. There is nothing to steal, and the idea of any peculiar sanctity, as attachable to any particular building, seems entirely foreign to the Chinese mind. In India, to have eaten or drank in one of their temples would have been an offense that only blood could have wiped out.

At four o'clock our horses were caught and saddled, and we prepared for our homeward ride. We had still nearly two hours of light, and, as the afternoon was pretty chilly, we all felt that we should be glad to ride briskly for warmth.

When we had ridden about three miles we saw in the distance what looked like an immense blue serpent, but which proved to be, as we came nearer, a procession of Chinamen numbering, as far as the soldiers of our party could make a rough estimate, between two and three thousand men.

They were ranged parallel with our direct road home. As we neared them, the first notice we received of any hostility in their intention was finding ourselves assailed by a shower of sticks and stones.

Our first impulse, of course, was to get out of the way as rapidly as circumstances would permit; but here was a grand difficulty—the Chinamen were almost directly along our road. To deviate from that would be to make such a detour that our ride would be lengthened beyond the endurance of the women of the party; and, moreover, should there be any real evil intention on the part of the natives it would not be safe for us to be outside of the British lines after dark, for they can manage to communicate with each other in a most mysterious way: whether by couriers, or by a sort of Chinese "fiery cross" arrangement, I can not say.

Seeing this dilemma, the whole party paused to consider what had best be done. Our cavalry friends closed round the women of the party and then gave the order to ride forward, regardless of "paddy fields" and sweet-potato crops.

At first it seemed only like a frolic. We swept on as fast as the circumstances of the case would permit. Mr. Broderick had stooped down and fastened a long leather strap to my horse's bridle, that in case of fright on my part, or on the part of the horse, we should not be separated.

I looked into his face and saw, from the way that the blue eyes burned in their sockets with a steady, concentrated fire, and the firm, close-shut mouth and teeth, that he dreaded much for us all.

The Chinamen are usually so peaceable that when they are roused they are devils incarnate. It must not be forgotten that we were riding abreast of this procession, and that we were actually running the gauntlet by these infuriated men.

I began to feel alarmed, and, when I saw a heavy stone cast by the robbers cut a long gash on Mr. Field's forehead, and felt a sharp sting of pain in my cheek as another wounded me, I became nearly wild with fright.

All our party were more or less hurt, and our clothes were torn to ribbons; still we rode on, our only safety in keeping steadily on. We were going at a tremendous pace across the country, leaping hedges and ditches. The alarm had spread, and every Chinaman was ready to add his mite of stone or stick.

Just as we were coming to a hedge, that we hoped when once passed would shut us out from danger, a sharp flint struck my bridle hand, cutting open my glove and flesh, and for a moment paralyzing the nerves, so that I dropped my rein. My pony at that instant, hit I suppose with some sharp stone, came to a dead-stop, and the sudden jerk threw me.

In an instant I thought the thoughts of months. I recalled the barbarities inflicted on women in China; the sufferings of the English women in India during the mutiny; I saw, or fancied I saw, a huge Chinaman just ready to crush my head or chest with a great stone; when Mr. Broderick, shifting his rein to his right hand, gave a back-handed blow with his left that knocked the burly giant flat; then hanging from his horse he clutched me round my waist, lifting me on the saddle before him. With a shout and a touch of his spur he urged forward not only his own horse but mine, which he still held by the leading rein, and successfully cleared the hedge.

On the other side he placed me on my own horse, it almost seemed by magic, so little time did it take. We were almost safe, still we did not dare to pause. Before us, only two miles away, lay the English lines. In the light of the setting sun there were the two sister flags, English and American, side by side, on the consular houses.

With them for a guide we passed on, and a half hour placed us under the protection of our beloved flag.

I tried to thank Mr. Broderick, but with true modesty he assured me that it was nothing at all; and he added: "If your saddle had not been a proper one I should have been compelled to help you oftener."

I did not go outside the English lines again during my stay. The remembrance of peril escaped was sufficient for me. I was, however, ready to give credit to all that Mr. Field could tell of the bravery and capital horsemanship of John Broderick.

NEW YORK CITY.

THE *Cornhill Magazine* for April has an article on New York City in which the writer labors under some strange impressions—among others, that one-half the population are non-producing because not an agricultural class. The following are extracts from the article, which will enable New Yorkers to see themselves as others see them:

Seven hundred and twenty-six thousand three hundred and eighty-six human beings lie down to sleep in the city of New York and rise up to eat; and not one of these thousands produces a grain of food. Yet to eat is what they desire above all other things. Of these 726,386 human beings there are 38,056 more females than males. It follows, therefore, that all are not and can not be married. Indeed, it appears from the last census that 423,121 persons in this city are not married.

The question will be asked, Why are these people in so unnatural and dangerous a condition? The answer is most complex; and no two persons would give the same reply. Nevertheless the *principal* reason is precisely because they do not wish to raise the food they eat.

Not only is there no food produced in the city of New York, but water to drink has to be brought some forty miles; and the bursting of a pipe across the High Bridge at the Harlem River would produce a temporary panic. Sixty millions of gallons of water come daily pouring into the city, through great pipes of masonry forty miles long, tapping the Croton River; which water the people drink and waste. These Croton water-works have cost about $30,000,000; and for the use of the water they now pay every year about $1,000,000; which, added to the interest on the cost, makes near $3,000,000 annually—that is what *water* costs in New York. But it is not only this $3,000,000 worth of water that they drink; there are, under the new license law, some 7000 grog-shops, which dispense every kind of drink, except water, known under the sun. As there are about 3,000,000 gallons of whisky brought into the city yearly, besides what is made there and what is brought from Europe, it follows that the people do not go dry. But, in addition to the water and the whisky, there is imported from foreign countries a vast amount of wine, brandy, gin, rum, arrack, cordials, and other curious preparations, to induce the people of New York to drink; and they do drink to an incredible extent. The importations of these articles into the United States for the year ending June 30, 1866, amounted to $6,092,000. It is significant when one-fifth of the whole imports is of this character.

The population of New York implicitly rely upon having enough to eat every day of their lives, and yet they do not produce one ounce of food. Wheat is grown and flour is made in Tennessee and Wisconsin, and Minnesota and Illinois, and Missouri and Maryland; and some 4,000,000 barrels of flour and 9,000,000 bushels of wheat come to the city of New York annually. And so with every thing else. There is not an ox in Texas, a hog in Kentucky, a grouse in Iowa, a sheep in Vermont, a woodcock in Jersey, a chicken in Bucks County, an egg in Nebraska, an oyster in the Chesapeake, a shad in the Savannah, a smelt in Maine, an apple in the whole thirty-six States of the Union, which may not arrive at the supreme felicity of being eaten by some one of the 726,386 good people, whose happiness it is to live in the city of New York.

There was once a saying in Europe, that "all roads lead to Rome." All roads in America lead to New York. Some 32,000 miles of iron rails stretch out over the land, extending from the Kennebec River to the Colorado Mountains, and upon these the iron horse which never tires is dragging, day and night the live-long year, heavy loads of food, all of which *tends* to the great cities, a great part of which reaches New York. The beautiful New England coast is full of little bays and inlets, and from every one dart out sloops and schooners laden with food for the hungry New Yorkers. They come, too, from the coast as far down as Florida; and from the isles of Bermuda they bring potatoes, from Cuba oranges, from Smyrna figs, from Turkey prunes, from Newfoundland fish. The great Erie Canal also pours in its wealth of food, and the broad bosom of the Hudson is covered with boats and barges, hastening forward with it for the use of the city. But when it arrives, it has not yet got to the millions of hungry mouths. What then?

Washington and Fulton markets are the great distributing centres. Do not visit them; they are shabby, slovenly, dirty, vile, and a disgrace to New York. But somebody gets from their rentals $100,000 a year; and somebody will violently oppose any change. From the early hour of three o'clock in the morning until noon, every day of the year excepting Sundays, a throng of wagons, trucks, and carts crowd, and swear, and collide, every body busily intent, amidst all the confusion, on furnishing breakfasts and dinners to the expectant citizens. And so New York is fed day by day.

How is all this food paid for? Here is a great question, which it is impossible to answer. We can only indicate and suggest. But the reader must bear it in mind that the smartest men and women get to great cities, and that their great purpose is to get other people's money, fairly or foully.

There are in the city from 22,000 to 25,000 persons or firms, who are engaged in 1100 different trades, professions, or occupations in the city of New York. These 25,000 employ many hands; and range from judges on the bench to vermin exterminators—from great publishers to Masonic emblem-makers, of whom there is recorded *one*. It may be curious to know what profession enlists the largest numbers. The business of *drinking* comes first! The wine and liquor dealers are as many as 3950. Eating comes next. Grocers, about 2950; butchers, about 1300; bakers, about 650; confectioners, about 300. Then come—lawyers, about 2000; brokers (all kinds), about 1550; doctors, about 1150; druggists (their providers), about 450; boot and shoemakers, about 1600; tailors, about 1000. But the hair-dressers, 550, about equal the clergymen, who number 556; cigar-dealers number 850; and tobacconists some 209. It is well to note that nearly all of these leading professions produce absolutely nothing. This does not mean that they are useless members of the community by any means. We know well what great good many of them do, and that they may be of value in many ways to the real wealth producers of the world.

Of the other classes who may be called non-producers, such as merchants, brokers, and traders of all kinds, it must be borne in mind that every time they handle food or merchandise of any kind, it is their custom to take toll in the shape of a brokerage or profit; and in this way they get the money which pays for their support.

The merchant class is now a mighty army, and it wields a mighty power. Sitting in his dingy counting-room in Front Street or South Street, one man may be sending out and receiving goods from all quarters of the globe: he may never see or handle an article which he controls, which by a stroke of the pen he consigns to the inhabitants of China, or the citizens of London; but nevertheless he directs currents of trade, which bear countless millions from one country to another, and which may be a blessing or a curse to mankind. We see how opium has debauched and degraded the people of China, how rum has depopulated the islands of the great Pacific. Commerce is not always a blessing.

The merchants in New York dominate all other classes. There are two dealing in dry-goods, each of whose sales, in 1865, amounted to some $70,000,000. The lawyer, the doctor, the preacher, the professor, the artist, pay court to the merchant, for the merchant it is who controls money and dispenses patronage. New York is one vast market, a perpetual fair, an endless bazar, to which all the people of the United States come to buy or to sell. The most marked characteristic of the city is an unmeasured activity, a headlong haste, a ceaseless business.

The following figures will in some measure express this characteristic. The foreign and domestic tonnage which entered the port of New York for the year ending June 30, 1866, was 2,697,325; and that which cleared was 2,508,885. Bear in mind that each of these figures represents a ton of merchandise brought here or carried away, and some idea may be formed of the amount of work done and paid for.

For the year 1865 the custom-house returns of merchandise imported into the city exhibit: imports, $219,644,714; exports, $209,345,809; all of which is paid for by the productions of the soil and the workshop.

The seventy-one banks of the city represent a capital of $85,000,000. The daily business at the clearing-house is some $100,000,000, and has at times risen to $175,000,000. This approximates to the city's daily business.

It must not be supposed, however, that New York does nothing but buy and sell. The great warehouses and shops are what first strike the eye of the stranger; and the streets thronged with busy men and loaded trucks seem to indicate that the transfer of merchandise from hand to hand is the sole occupation of its inhabitants. But go off the line of Broadway, along the side-streets, and upon both the East and Hudson rivers, and you will hear the sound of the hammer and the file—the whirl of mighty machinery, which, with the aid of human hands, is producing—producing—producing, spurred onward by competition, the desire for wealth, and the innate force of industry. Their work is not without vast results; and there are many establishments, grown from the humblest beginnings, which now employ a small army of men and women.

The manufactures of New York City in the year 1860 stood thus: number of establishments, 4375; capital invested, $61,212,757; cost of raw material, $90,177,038; number of hands, males, 65,483, females, 24,721, total 90,204; annual cost of labor, $28,481,915; annual value of products, $159,107,369.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

THE Union League Club-house—originally built for the American Jockey Club—has recently been opened for the use of the members. This club-house is one of the largest and most complete in the country, and has been elegantly furnished at an expense of about fifty thousand dollars. On the first-floor there is a large reading-room, a reception and cloak-room, a dumb-waiter leading to all the upper floors, an art-gallery, and a billiard-room. On the second-floor there are five private dining-rooms, elegantly furnished. A large parlor and reception-room, a library, and a "trophy"-room, are on the third-floor, as also a large saloon leading to the theatre, which latter has accommodations for seating six hundred persons. On the fourth and fifth floors are sleeping-rooms for the use of members of the club, dressing-rooms, bath-rooms, etc. The sixth-floor contains rooms for the use of the servants, and is reached by a winding staircase, not connected with the main halls. Also there is a reservoir of water for use in case of fire. The basement contains heating apparatus, store-rooms, and the like. It is said there will be given, about the middle of this month, a reception for ladies connected with the members of the Club.

Recently an appliance for preserving life in water has been patented by a gentleman of this city. It consists simply of a cork jacket and a loose rubber suit, the latter being in a single piece and covering the entire person, with the exception of the face and hands. The whole weighs 8⅜ pounds, and is put on in two or three minutes. There are also iron-soled shoes for ballast.

It is said that the "Steam Man" has the dyspepsia, or the gout, or some similar ailment, and refuses to take exercise. However that may be, an invention of like character is reported to have been just completed in Scotland. It is a road steamer, intended to travel over the smoothest or most uneven, the hardest or the softest roads. Its greatest point of novelty consists in the tires of its three wheels, which are made of India rubber, about five inches thick and two feet broad. These span the hollow places over which they pass, while stones and other obstructions readily sink into the yielding and pliable material. One of these wheels is set in front, the others on either side, just behind the centre of gravity. The machine weighs about five tons, and is capable of drawing sixty tons at a slow pace. Its speed is easily graduated; and, although it travels with greater velocity over an even surface, it traverses without difficulty the roughest land. It has been recently on the road between Leith and Edinburgh, where it was the object of the greatest interest to the spectators.

Another child murder is reported. A wretch, living in Quebec, and his wife have been arrested on the charge of having caused the death of their child, a little boy of eight years. Testimony shows that, for a long time past, the poor child had been subjected to almost every kind of barbarous treatment—hard work, exposure, hunger, thirst, and cruel abuse. He was compelled to cut wood in the freezing cold of winter with insufficient clothing, and beaten if he put on an extra garment offered him by a compassionate neighbor. At other times he was sent out to sell candy, and if not successful in disposing of all his stock, would be kept in the streets as late as two o'clock in the morning as a punishment. It is a satisfaction to know that the poor outcast is beyond reach of the brutal wretches called father and mother; and that they are in the hands of the law, which should not deal lightly with such offenders.

Explosions from the use of kerosene are so frequent and disastrous that a simple method of determining the quality of the oil may save many lives. This may be done by means of a thermometer, a little warm water, and a spoonful of the oil. Fill the cup with warm water, the temperature of which is to be brought to 110 degrees of Fahrenheit; pour the oil on the water; apply flame to the floating oil by means of a match or otherwise. If the oil is *unsafe*, it will take fire, and its use in a lamp is dangerous, *for it is liable to explode.* If the oil is pure and safe, it will not take fire. Some test, similar to this, is generally used by judicious dealers.

The other day a gentleman went into the Sub-Treasury building in this city to obtain some *clean* currency. It is such a comfort, by-the-way, to have fresh pieces in one's porte-monnaie rather than be obliged to harbor the soiled, torn bits that are received from car-conductors. The gentleman laid a small roll of bills on the counter before the clerk in attendance, saying, "In tens, twenty-fives, and fifties, if you please." The nimble fingers quickly put sundry nice-looking packages in place of the bills. The gentleman run his eye over them hastily, then went back and counted more deliberately.

"Is this right?" he inquired, returning the packages to the clerk, who after an instant's examination, replied, "Yes, Sir—forty dollars."

The gentleman looked into his pocket-book with a puzzled air—every thing was all right, and no more so—thrust his fingers first into one vest-pocket and then another, but brought nothing forth.

"Have you lost any thing?" inquired the clerk.

"Well, I thought I gave you fifty dollars, but it seems not."

"Here's the money," said the clerk; "three tens and two fives. Look on the floor," continued he, with apparent interest, "perhaps you've dropped it."

The gentleman stooped, picked up the missing X, and expressed his thanks.

"Two or three times a day," remarked the clerk, "persons come here and think they have lost money. I always tell them to look on the floor, and nine cases out of ten they find it."

This little incident is trifling in itself, though a practical lesson in regard to care of money may be drawn from it. But it specially suggests to us that great credit is due to a large class of employés in private establishments, and very generally to those in governmental departments, for courtesy, attention, and consideration toward the public. Of course it is for their own private interest to be so; but there are many persons so cross-grained that they can not bring themselves to be truly polite, even though they know it will be a comfort to others and money in their own pockets. While there often is, on the one hand, a marked want of consideration toward clerks in our shops, there are some places where persons never desire to go a second time, because they are persistently urged to buy what they do not want, or have uncivil words flung at them if goods do not suit. A pleasant contrast are most of our larger establishments—as well as many small ones—where goods are readily exhibited, their relative merits honestly explained, and purchasers then allowed to use their own taste and judgment. In general the greatest courtesy is shown to strangers in our leading book-stores, in shops where works of art and *vertu* are exhibited, and where a love of the beautiful is the attracting power. The kindly reception, the manifest interest taken in any want expressed, even if that particular shop can not supply it, the offered seat, and sundry nameless civilities, if tendered with genuine *tact*, are a better advertisement than columns in a popular newspaper without these things. And so when a man goes to some public office to transact a little business, and meets with courtesy, indicating that there are those who do *not* go on the principle of looking out for Number One; regardless of others, it gives him more cheerful views of life, and he is more likely to do a good turn himself.

In visiting the Capitol and other public buildings at Washington, one is impressed by the marked attention and politeness shown to strangers by those in charge. It seems to be not merely their duty but their *pleasure* to give such information as is often needed; and the enjoyment of the visitor is greatly enhanced by this circumstance.

One of the Commissioners to the Paris Exhibition reports that it is as easy for the United States as for England to obtain direct supplies of raw silk, and shows that the silk trade might easily be made an important and profitable branch of our manufacturing industry. One reason for this belief is our exemption from the causes which have lately produced fatal maladies among the silk-worms in Europe. When every silk country in the world shall have become infected, then the supply must cease, and Japan and Australia are now the only countries free. The Commissioner enforces his views by showing the great skill of the American people in manufactures by machinery, and the adaptation of our country to the successful raising of the silk-worm.

Some brilliant English sportsmen recently had their powder wet by the rain, and dried it by putting it in the kitchen oven, sitting meanwhile in the room drinking ale. It exploded, of course; two of them were killed, and the other severely injured. A man of genius on this side the Atlantic undertook to grind some coarse powder in a coffee-mill, with a similar result.

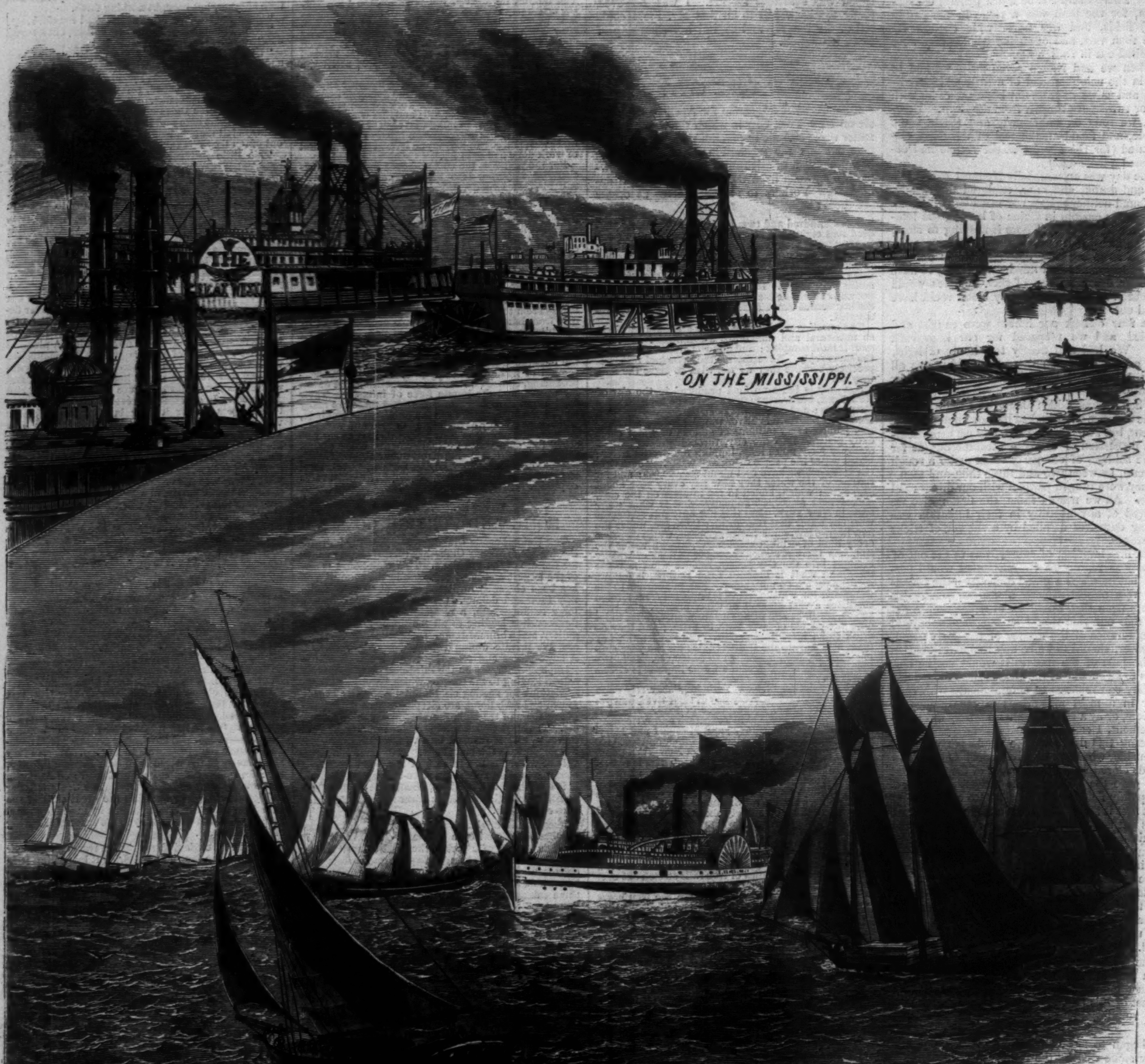
OPENING OF NAVIGATION.

THE winter of 1868 did not long linger in the lap of the spring of the same year: the Ides of March witnessed the final relaxation of his icy grasp and the dissolution of his frozen fetters, and thereat many rejoiced, and among the most joyful were the thousands and tens of thousands who go down to the sea in ships, and travel the canal boats in barges, and the lakes and rivers in steamers, and on flat-boats and rafts.

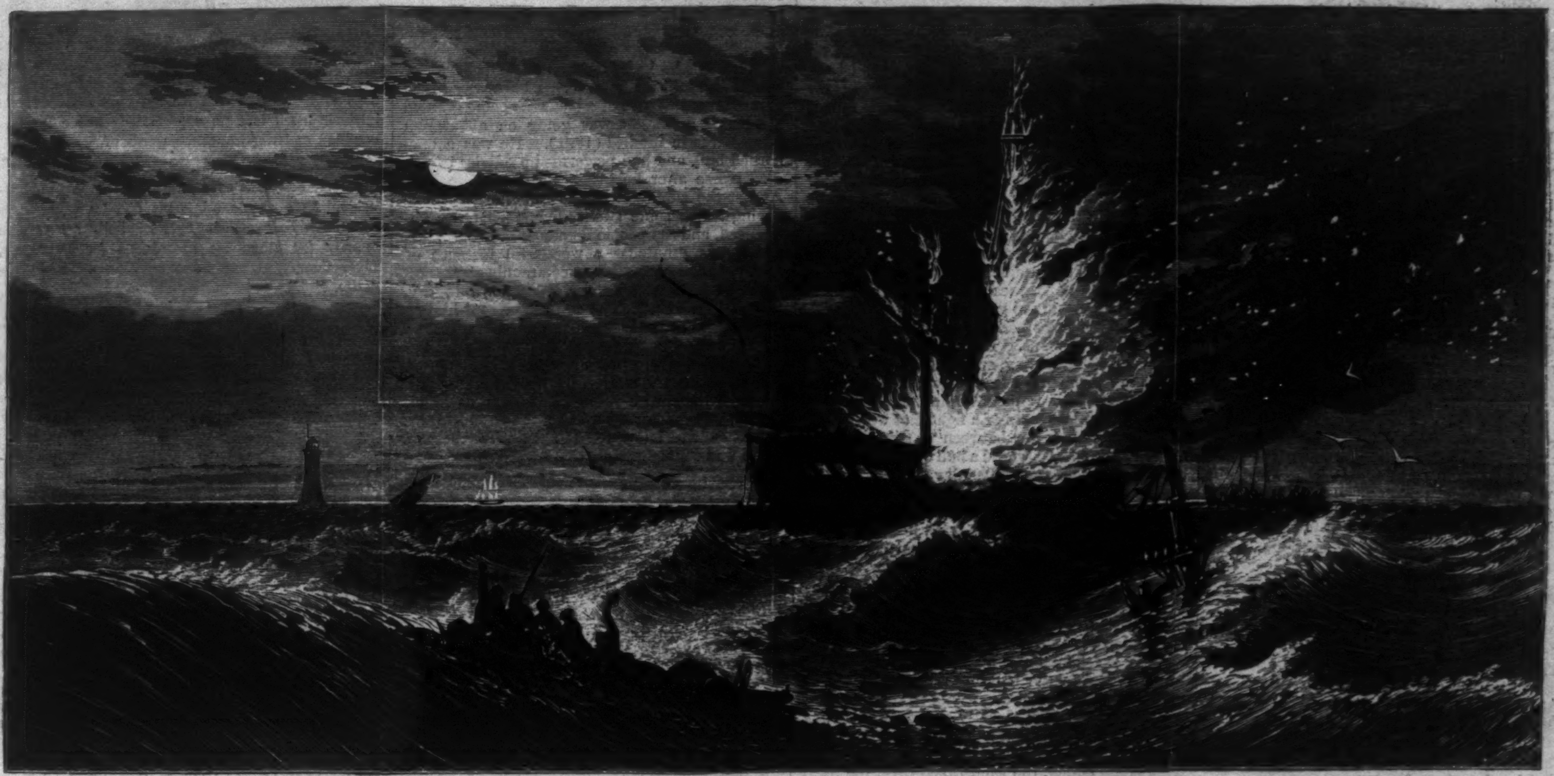
The severe winters in America result generally in closing all inland navigation for about three and a half months in the year. Generally navigation on the northern streams and lakes closes about the 15th of December and opens again about the first of April, seldom later, but sometimes as early as February. Many years ago (1842) the Hudson River was closed by ice on November 28, and opened on February 4, but that is the only instance on record of so early an end to the ice blockade in that stream. The Mississippi and Potomac are closed later and open earlier, generally by the first of March. The Ohio, which THOMAS H. BENTON, once described as "dry in summer and frozen in winter," is closed for only about two months of the year.

During this period the railroads are the chief means of transportation—a very inadequate means, however; and the thousands of steamers, barges, tugs, sailing vessels, etc., which convey most of the agricultural products and manufactures of the country to the great commercial ports are, of course, idle. They are laid up in great numbers in the canals, rivers, bays, sounds, "kills," "hooks," etc., which abound, serving in winter as the homes of the crews. Whole families frequently live the year round on the barges, etc., owned by the heads thereof; and children are born, reared, and live and die in these floating homes of the mariner. When the ice finally gives way these imprisoned vessels, loaded with the accumulated freight of months, are set free, and are at once put in motion toward the great centres of trade.

Our engraving on page 252 handsomely illustrates the scenes which accompany this interesting event. The artist has represented the "Opening of Navigation" on the Hudson, on Long Island Sound, and on the Mississippi River; thus at the same time varying the scene, and introducing the different kinds of vessels which are employed on the various streams of the country. The Sound and Hudson River steamers are very different in construction and appearance from those to be seen on the Mississippi River, and the scenes portrayed are of a widely different character.



OPENING OF NAVIGATION, 1868.—Sketched by A. R. Waud.—[See Page 2[illegible]]



LAND IN SIGHT!—HOME AT LAST!

The laughing sea rolls blue and free,
And on every face there is joy and glee;
For the west wind harps, in the rigging, soft,
And the broad white canvas, that's spread aloft,
Strains fuller now to the homeward wind;
And even the sea-bird's left behind,
As the ship cleaves faster the crimson wave
In the sunset red as a warrior's grave.

"Land in sight!" and "Home at last!"
That is the cry that spreads so fast;
And they fancy already they hear the bells
Ringing from old familiar dells.

Soon, soon the granite cliffs will rise
To cheer the longing and straining eyes;
Once past yon burning sunset line,
They'll see the well-known headlands shine.

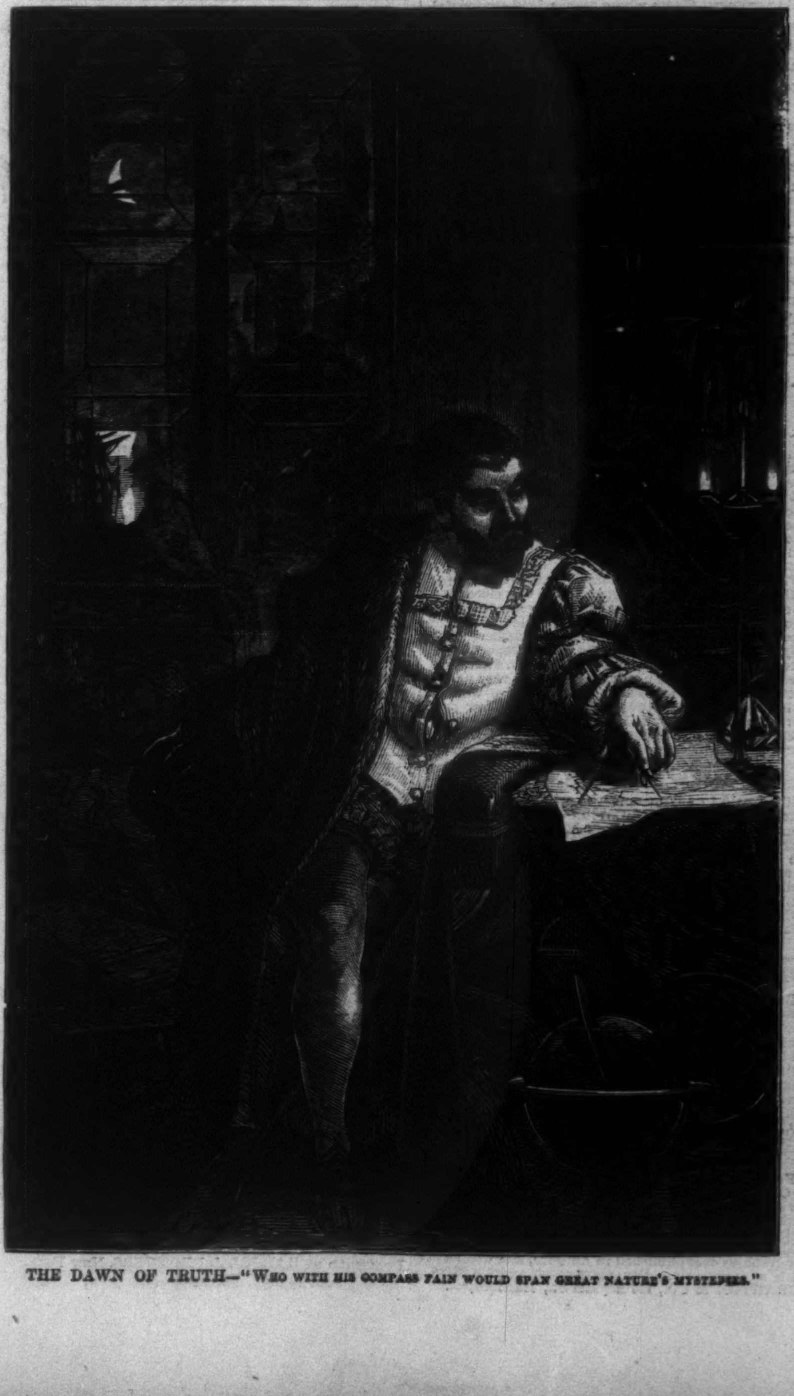
The sea grows greener every hour,
The deep keel 'plows with a keener power;
The dusk is spreading its shroud of gloom,
And night, like the lid of a pond'rous tomb,
Falls slow; but the laugh and the song rise up
As the bubbles spring in a Champagne-cup;
For there in the east the magnet star
Of a light-house is welcoming them from far.

Sleep, brave men, sleep, for home is near;
Sleep, mothers, sleep, without dream of fear;
Sleep, children, sleep, for the sea's at rest,
Rocking you all to its fost'ring breast:
The ship so stanch and true and strong,
With the tyrant sea has battled long.
In an hour the loud cry, "Shell and sand!"
Will tell the advent of the land.

Night spreads its canopy of stars
High o'er the good ship's swaying spars—
Halcyon night, with its balm to all;
Soft, sweet night with its drowsy pall.

Already the scent of the new-mown hay
Breathes from the meadow-land far away;
And Hope brings dreams of happier time,
Of changeless joy, and a sunnier clime.

The land's in sight—that glimpse of the moon
Disclosed the nearest headland; soon
The church-tower on the cliff will show—
When yon dark cloud away shall blow.
Plow faster, ship; they pine for rest;
Hadst thou a heart within thy breast,
Swifter, oh, swifter thy homeward flight,
To that long, low line of glimmering white.



THE DAWN OF TRUTH—"Who with his compass fain would span great nature's mysteries."

ILL TIDINGS—"Then came the news—her fears were true; her love—he slept eternally."

What scream was that?—that anguish starts
From bleeding and from breaking hearts.
A blue smoke oozes from the hold,
And cheeks grow pale, and hearts grow cold:
Broad flames from all the port-holes leap,
Keen flames along the cordage creep—
Soon the tall masts are lapped in fire,
Fanned by the winds the flames mount higher.

Red flows the sea as the fierce flame blows,
The inky cloud all crimson grows.
Loud ring their shrieks, as the only boat
With half-crazed women is set afloat;
And now swift jets of smoke and fire
From the blazing vessel the winds waft higher;
And the wreck floats on o'er the glowing wave,
Of all within her the burning grave.

Men on the cliffs, looking out to sea—
A pale and shuddering company—
See, as the wind shifts to the west,
A floating light on the ocean-crest;
And then a frame with thick ribs charred—
A chaldron vast, with timbers barred;
And within this floating basket-cage
A fierce fire white with a quenchless rage.

To leeward a cloud of crimson spread,
Far over the dying and the dead,
A cloud that's starred with sparks that fast
From the wreck in burning showers are cast.
Slowly again night's pitying pall
Spreads o'er the sea and the high cliff wall;
And those who are saved from the fire and waves
Kneel and pray to the God who saves.

THE DAWN OF TRUTH.

See Illustration on page 253.

Swift rides the moon o'er tower and deep,
The city, like a child asleep,
    Basks in that tender light;
And o'er steep streets and winding ways,
And o'er the silence of the quays,
    Broods the cool shade of night.

One watcher watcheth with the moon,
Watcher for whom day comes too soon,
    Pale student of the skies;
Who with his compass fain would span—
Defiant of the priesthood's ban—
    Great Nature's mysteries.

Through years of solitude and care,
With that *they* will not credit—prayer—
    Has this man sought to teach
The meaning of that perfect scheme,
Grander than Pagan's wildest dream,
    Nor set beyond man's reach.

For He whose hand the stars can bind
Gave man his far-aspiring mind,
    His fever-thirst to know;
Not sweet to Him the bigot's curse
On eyes that read the universe,
    And mark stars come and go.

Oh, not by Him is set the line
That shall our mental range confine
    Within appointed space;
Not high enough man's soul can soar,
Till all the heav'ns he shall explore,
    And see God face to face.

Each new star tracked by mortal ken,
Each new link in creation's chain,
    Is one step nearer home;
Obscure the maze through which we grope,
But bright above our star of hope,
    Our watchword, "Lo, we come!"

ILL TIDINGS.

See Illustration on page 253.

Scarce three months since her lover sailed:
  Sudden the severing message came;
But love was strength; his soul ne'er failed:
  He thought of her, and thought of fame.
He left with youth upon his brow,
  And courage master of his heart:
Love well would guide his good ship's prow,
  And hope could soothe e'en parting's smart!

And she—ah, blessed thought!—why fear?
  There close beside her quiet home
The great sea rolled forever near,
  O'er which her lover's bark would roam!
And oft along the sounding shore,
  When waves ran high and day grew dim,
She listened to the ocean's roar,
  That seemed to tell her soul of him.

One night she heard the storm come down,
  As by the ocean's marge she stood:
Far out the crested breakers thrown
  Whitened with wrath the angry flood.
And to her sadd'ning heart seemed borne
  Strange murmurs from the wind above;
"Great God," she said, "from night till morn
  "Oh guard him safe, my love, my love!"

Days passed: there lingered still behind
  The shadow of that fearful night;
She dared no longer trust the wind,
  The sea grew deathlike to her sight.
Then came the news—her fears were true;
  Her love—he slept eternally
Down fathoms deep: that night, she knew,
  Death's note had sounded in the sea!

A BULL AND TIGER FIGHT.

I met Don Ricardo first at the Hôtel Peninsulaire, Puerta del Sol, Madrid. He was then about forty years old, five feet eleven inches in height, and powerfully put together. A more charming companion in every way it is impossible to have. How full of information he was! How thoroughly he knew Spain! What stories he had of brigands, duels, camps, and courts! What countryman was he? Well, I should think originally he was Irish, but for the latter twenty years of his life he had lived in Spain. He it was who took me to my first bull-fight. I would go, as I have done, from one end of Spain to another to see a good bull-fight. I consider it the most exciting and beautiful spectacle to be seen in the present day. Yes! it was with Don Ricardo that I went to my first bull-fight—he, an old connoisseur, sitting close to me, pointing out the various points, etc., etc. How I enjoyed it! And between the intervals he told me of the scene of bloodshed he had once seen in that Plaza de Toros.

"The season," said Don Ricardo, "had been remarkably dull. Either the people were poorer than usual, or the bulls were of an inferior breed. One thing was very certain: that fight after fight took place, and the Plaza, instead of being crowded, as it is to-day, with ten thousand people, had a beggarly two or three hundred scattered about. It became evident that the contractor, unless he could fill the ring again, would shortly be a ruined man. It chanced that about this time there arrived in Madrid a traveling menagerie. Among other animals, it contained a very fine tiger. An idea entered into the head of the contractor that he would entertain the gay world of Madrid with a spectacle such as had not been seen since the days of the Romans. He accordingly, after a good deal of bargaining, succeeded in purchasing from the showman his large tiger; and a day or two afterward the walls of Madrid were placarded with announcements of a fight that would take place on a certain day between 'a tiger of enormous size and ferocity' and a bull of the celebrated breed of Don Fulano. The day arrived, and the Plaza was crowded. Now a bull-fight generally averages about two and a half hours, and the contractor had bothered his brain how he should spin the time out. He began accordingly with a fight between a bull-dog and a donkey."

"Good gracious!" I could not help exclaiming, "you don't mean to say that was worth seeing?"

"Indeed," continued Don Ricardo, "it proved a most excellent fight, and lasted about twenty minutes, before the bull-dog was killed. Most of us thought the bull-dog would be the conqueror, till we saw how cleverly the donkey struck him with his fore-feet, and fell upon him with his knees, when the dog seized him by the throat. This being ended, the sand raked over, the band finished their tune, and the multitude hanging over the sides of the arena in that breathless silence which always precedes the letting out of the bull, the door was flung back and a noble bull dashed into the ring with that impetuous rush which is so fine. He galloped wildly round the ring once or twice, apparently astonished at finding nothing to encounter, and then took up his position in the centre of the arena, pawing, and shaking his curly black locks over his small, stag-like muzzle. A door facing him was then opened and the tiger was let out. It was very singular to remark the different way that the tiger came out of his den—no wild rush or roar; but, sneaking out of his cell, he crept close to the barrier, and, crouching against it, looked with half-closed eyes at his enemy. The bull, directly he saw him, gave one or two wild snorts, full of vigor and passion, and backed a few paces. He did not seem afraid, but conscious he was in the presence of a dangerous enemy not to be trifled with. So they continued gazing at each other for some seconds. Presently the tiger seemed to crouch gradually lower and lower till he lay literally ventre à terre, and commenced dragging himself paw by paw nearer to the bull. He in his turn retreated two or three steps, and then stood still, awaiting the event—no movement but an occasional petulant shake of his head, and a slight noise like a deep sigh. You might have heard a pin drop in the Plaza, so intense was the excitement as, inch by inch, the tiger drew near. Suddenly! in a moment! he seemed to double himself into a ball, and then fly out like a piece of watch-spring. But with no roar, in perfect silence, he sprang! A wild, furious snort on the bull's part, as he met him, and we saw him receive the tiger full on his horns. For an instant one claw hung on the bull's glossy shoulder, and then he fell a corpse on the sand; for the bull's horn penetrated the chest and heart. The conqueror sniffed once or twice at the body, made a plunge at it, and then cantered round the ring as if aware of the gallant feat he had accomplished. The band struck up a lively air, in cantered the mules, the dead tiger was dragged out, the bull shut up, and the spectators sat still. (About three-quarters of an hour had elapsed, and the unlucky contractor had nothing more provided for his patrons.) After waiting a little while, the shout—uttered in that peculiar sing-song always used in the bull-ring—began of 'Otra tigrā! Otra tigrā!' It was taken up by voice after voice, till the whole circo rang with this chant, 'Otra tigrā.' (Any one who has been to a bull-fight will most likely have heard the cry of either 'Otro torō,' or 'fuego,' and will be able to put the proper tune to it, for it is impossible to describe it.) The contractor was furious—mad; he knew not what to do; he rushed into the ring, begged for mercy, assured his friends it was utterly impossible to procure 'another tiger.' Still the cry went steadily on, 'Otra tigrā.' Then the contractor became nervous, then frightened, and finally fled. Then the capitan-general announced from the queen's box that the fight was over, and requested the populace to withdraw. No notice; nothing but the cry, 'Otra tigrā.' Then the military were called in and ordered to clear the ring (a regiment is always on guard outside during a bull-fight); then the manolas began to strike the little wax matches they carry; then some one set light to a paper fan, and in another minute all the manolas were lighting the hangings and the benches. Then, alas! some one gave the order to fire, and the troops fired! Some twenty were killed and wounded; the remainder of us fled as hard as we could. So ended this fight between a tiger and bull," said Don Ricardo. "I remained till the firing began, when I bolted as hard as I could go; for one never knows in this country when a revolution may break out, or on what pretense; I have myself seen serious outbreaks for less reason. The military were blamed by some, but defended by many on the score that if they had not fired Madrid might in a few hours have been in flames, as indeed was very likely with such an excitable people as the Spaniards."

The bull who had fought so well I believe was spared and sent to the stud. I have only heard of one other instance of a bull's life being granted him; and a lawsuit was going on about him when I was in Madrid (1861). He was a one-horned bull, and had performed prodigies of valor. Horse after horse went down before him. At last the supply of horses ran short, the bull having killed some twenty-five. This was announced, and the people demanded the bull's life, which was granted—a wonderful instance of mercy, and proving what uncommonly good sport he must have showed for a Spaniard to cry, "Hold! enough." The contractor sent him up to his farm; the *breeder* of the bull, however, sued the contractor, stating that he sold the bull to be killed, not to propagate his valuable breed—the contractor stating he bought him to do what he liked with him. This case, as I said before, was going on while I was in Madrid, but how it ended I know not—I should fear the poor brute was condemned.

They do extract Teeth without pain at the Colton Dental Association, 19 Cooper Institute.—*Com.*

ADVERTISEMENTS.

MOTH PATCHES, FRECKLES, AND TAN. The *only reliable Remedy* for those *Brown Discolorations* on the face is PERRY'S MOTH and FRECKLE LOTION. Prepared only by Dr. B. C. PERRY, 49 Bond St., New York. ☞ Sold every where.

UNIMPEACHABLE.

Indigestion—the most fruitful generator of disease, so common as not to be considered dangerous—slowly and surely saps the foundation of health; for, with impaired digestion, it is impossible for food to afford strength to the system. Dyspepsia invariably follows this disease, and dyspeptics owe all their sufferings to indigestion. Nervous and sick headache also spring from derangement of the digestive organs. Persons of sedentary habits frequently suffer from these evils, which are attended with a nervous irritability of temper extremely unpleasant to others and a source of misery to themselves.

HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS

has been found the safest and best means of removing all digestive obstructions, as well as bracing up the failing system. Those whose occupations are mental recognize in this preparation the perfection of medical skill, as it soothes the excited brain, headache disappears under its potent charm, and the patient rapidly regains health and strength by its restoring power. To the aged, as well as to delicate ladies and children, it is admirably suited, as it possesses the quality of invigorating without excitement or reaction.

An immense amount of unimpeachable evidence can be prduced to prove that

HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS

is unequaled for its prompt and ever-reliable action in alleviating and curing all diseases of the stomach. Its superior excellence and consequent renown is readily accounted for from the well-known fact that it is made under the personal supervision of the proprietors, in strict accordance with pharmaceutic science.

A MAN ROBBED,
HORRIBLY BEATEN,
AND LEFT FOR DEAD.

Gustave Fahn, who was assaulted by five ruffians, and robbed in Atlantic Street, Brooklyn, having three of his ribs broken over his left lung, was taken to the Long Island Medical College, but the officers would not allow him admittance, on account of his fearful screams and terrible agony from the internal injuries received. His case was considered hopeless, and it was so reported in Sunday's *Herald*, Brooklyn *Eagle*, and other daily papers. At this critical moment a gentleman purchased a $5 or pint bottle of WOLCOTT'S PAIN PAINT, and saw that the remedy was faithfully applied. The effect produced was more than marvelous, for within ten minutes all pain had vanished, and the man sat upright in bed. He has had no other medical treatment, and is now considered not only out of danger, but has the best prospect for a speedy recovery. We would add that Mr. Fahn is a hard-working mechanic, and his family in very needy circumstances. Is it possible that a man or woman laying claims to a benevolent heart will allow this worthy family to suffer? Mr. Fahn lives on the corner of Smith and Baltic Streets, Brooklyn, top floor.

$1000 REWARD

Will be paid to any person who will prove that any other concern sell Webb Cotton Cloth, Dress Patterns, Pant Patterns, Sewing Machines, Watches, Dry and Fancy Goods, &c., as good and as cheap as the undersigned. Send Ten Cents for Patent Pen Fountain, and get a slip describing an article in our Dollar Sale; or send in Clubs of from Thirty to One Hundred at Ten Cents each. Five Thousand more Male and Female Agents wanted. Samples and Circulars mailed free. EASTMAN & KENDALL, 65 Hanover Street, Boston, Mass.

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S. T.—1860.—X.

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MY DEAR SIR: My daughter Alice, thirteen years old, has been completely cured of that horrible disease, scrofula, which for years rendered life a torment. After all medicines and many physicians had been tried and failed, I commenced giving her your pills. She took them almost every day for three months, constantly improving. She has now entirely recovered, and is a living evidence of the virtues of Brandreth's Pills. Yours truly, DANIEL LUTHER,
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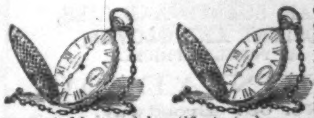

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TESTIMONIALS.

Messrs. C. E. Collins & Co.: VICKSBURG, MISS, February 20, 1868.

GENTS,—I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of the Oroide Watches I ordered. They are very beautiful, keep good time, and hold their color perfectly, and pass very well for gold: in fact, they are all you represent them to be. I am well pleased. You will please forward to my address, in care of Southern Express, Vicksburg, Miss., another Oroide Watch, gent's size; also a Chain worth five dollars ($5.) You will hear from me frequently. Very respectfully, your obedient servant, C. S. CRITENDEN.

P.S.—I enclose you a letter to show you how well your watches pass for gold:

C. S. Critenden, Vicksburg, Miss.: February 16, 1868.

I received the beautiful watch you sent me. It is a nice present, for which accept the kind regards of your old comrade. You will not think hard of me when I tell you that I sold the watch for $150, and with this money I will visit you. Please order another watch for me in your name. I will be in Vicksburg next week, and I believe, if you will assist me, I will speculate a little in watches. Don't you think my old left hand is improving? I wonder where my poor right arm is. Send for a chain. Your old comrade, TOM.

Messrs. C. E. Collins & Co.: LIME STATION, S. R. & D. R. R., SHELBY COUNTY, ALABAMA, February 17, 1868.

GENTS,—The watch you expressed to me on the 20th of January came to hand all right (except crystal broken). I regulated it. I am well pleased with it. It keeps as good time as one of P. S. Bartlett's best patent levers. I have shown it to a good many, and they pronounce it a good watch and no humbug.
Respectfully yours, C. M. DALRYMPLE.

Messrs. C. E. Collins & Co.: CONSTITUTIONAL CONVENTION OF NORTH CAROLINA, RALEIGH, N. C., February 23, 1868.

SIRS,—I have just inspected one of your fifteen-dollar watches, and am much pleased with the same. Please send me one of the large size (gentlemen's). I have no doubt but that some of the members will favor you with their orders, should the one that you send me be a good one and well finished. Send by express, addressed to G. A. LACK, Raleigh, Wake County, N. C.

Messrs. C. E. Collins & Co.: FREDERICKTOWN, MO., December 14, 1867.

I received my watch as ordered, and am highly pleased with it in every respect. My expectations are fully realized. You will find enclosed $5, for which please send me one of your most stylish and substantial chains of that price. Yours respectfully, CYRUS A. PETERSON, Fredericktown, Mo.

P.S.—You may expect a larger order from myself and friends soon. C. A. P.

Messrs. C. E. Collins & Co.: HUMBOLDT, GIBSON COUNTY, TENNESSEE.

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A. F. BROWN.

Messrs. C. E. Collins & Co.: BROOKLYN, POWESHIEK COUNTY, IOWA, December 1, 1867.

Enclosed you will find an order for six of your watches, three hunting-cases and three ladies' watches. Send to Brooklyn, Poweshiek County, Iowa. The watch you sent me three months ago proves as good a time-keeper as I have ever seen. I have exhibited my watch to my neighbors, so that I am able to send a club of six for watches. Address to J. L. BAGENSTOS.

Messrs. C. E. Collins & Co.: MERIDIAN, January 13, 1868.

The watch ordered by express came to hand to-day. I am well pleased with its appearance, and if it keeps actual time I am perfectly satisfied. In the mean time I wish to order two for my friends, of the same quality as the one sent me. Respectfully, A. W. BELL.

Messrs. C. E. Collins & Co.: NEW ORLEANS, LOUISIANA, December 2, 1868.

DEAR SIRS,—I received the watch which I ordered all safe, some days ago, and I must say it fully exceeded my expectation: it is all and more than I could desire for the money. So far it keeps very good time.
Yours truly, C. STEWART.

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